

Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

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Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

by [Scoops \(consciousness_streaming\)](#)

Summary

The betting has gotten out of hand between the Dream Team. When Dream bets George on the outcome of Minecraft Championship, neither of them want to lose. The stakes are higher than ever.

Loser has to blow the winner.

****Now with a second chapter added**

Notes

I feel like I blacked out and when I came to this was on my computer. I wrote this in one sitting and it's the most I've ever written in one day.

This is kind of a love letter to Minecraft Championships. I think I understand people who care about the Super Bowl now.

Anyway, I'm supposed to be working on an original novel. But here's this instead.

**** Second chapter added.** A small ode to Gatorland and featuring more sex and domesticity. Also HBomb's MCC Vod reviews, one of my favorite things.

Feel free to talk to me on tumblr or twitter: [scoops404](#)

Chapter 1

Living in Florida is everything George thought it would be and more. It's late night games with Sapnap, it's middle of the afternoon breakfasts with Dream, it's cuddling with Patches on the living room couch while a movie plays and his friends are jealous she chose him.

He navigates the new dynamic with his friends. He's never seen them in person, he's never had to deal physically with them. Sapnap can barely talk to him without throwing an arm around his shoulders, or clapping his back. For all the couch real estate Dream has in the living room, Sapnap winds up next to him, legs in his lap every time.

Meanwhile, Dream is less touchy, but the weight behind those touches is heavier when he does choose to bump George's shoulder with his. He can feel it down to his toes in a way he's never experienced before. He puts it down to Dream being Dream. He's always been exceptional, why would this be any different?

Dream will join him at the breakfast bar, bump elbows over meals. He'll let himself into George's room and make himself comfortable on the bed to show him a video in person. There's something about sharing funny videos in person—seeing their reaction live. It's electric.

He adores Dream's mum. She shows up every week or so with a month's worth of groceries and then goes on a sporadic cleaning spree even while Dream begs her not to. They make a silent agreement to keep the house cleaner so at least if she won't stop cleaning, it's not as much of a chore for her.

She treats him like another son. The first time they meet, George finds her treatment of Sapnap so amazing. She kisses both Dream's cheek and then Sapnap's. He isn't expecting it when she reaches for him and gives him one as well. She asks about his travel here, gives advice about his bedroom. It was her touch that made the room feel so homey when he arrived. Although, he suspects Dream had a hand in it as well by the way he decidedly doesn't say anything about it.

What he didn't expect, and he's had a lot of time to think about what living in Florida will be like, is the betting. Sapnap literally has a gambling addiction and he hides it much better online than he can in person. Dream tells him that it's only gotten worse in the last couple weeks, so maybe that's why he didn't notice because he'd been so hyperfocused and stressed on getting all his things packed and shipped over to America. He spent time with Dream on the phone while it was happening, but he needed his advice, his strategy on organizing things correctly, his ability to keep George on track.

Sapnap makes bets on everything. He wants to bet George on where Patches will sleep in the afternoon, he bets Punz on basketball games, he bets Bad on ridiculous parkour tracks in Minecraft. He loves to suggest bets using Dream's money, that's his absolute favorite.

Dream shuts it down with a swift, "No, Sapnap, you're such an idiot." He's more likely to go along with the betting when it's non-money things on the line. Sapnap catches onto this quickly and starts betting chores around the house. George's win streak in MarioKart forces Sapnap to be the garbage man for the next four months, which suits George fine because it turns out in America you have to take the bin down to the side of the road. It's smelly, gross, and the bin is so huge and heavy. He hates it.

George almost refuses to play Bedwars with his friends these days, because they always turn into the most ridiculous bets. Sapnap and Dream trade barbs and boasts, only agreeing on screaming at

George, but he just thinks it's hilarious. There's something about pushing Dream past his limits, pushing him over the line until he's actually toxic, because George knows that no one else can do that. Now that Dream's a big time influencer, he's very cognizant of how he appears online and he's mature enough now to not let people get to him, to not lose his temper in front of thousands of people, millions sometimes. But—

George can do it every time he tries. He knows every button to push, what voice to use, the strats to get Dream to lose his goddamn mind and he loves the power.

It's not an accomplishment to get Sapnap to that same place, he's almost always a heartbeat away from toxic anyway. Dream, on the other hand, only ever falls for it when it's George.

Dream and Sapnap swap crazy bets on Bedwars, even pulling Callahan and Quackity into it. Dream puts up money, he puts up editing skills, he promises tweets from his accounts, it's ridiculous. Sapnap wins as many as he loses, but he's a high risk, high reward kind of gambler. He brings Dream up higher and higher until a couple weeks into all this, they're trying to gamble Dream's face reveal. George, of all people, has to step in at that point and calm them down.

They take the terms of the bets really seriously, too. Sapnap complains every time when he takes the trash out, but he never says he won't do it. Dream ends up editing a video for Bad and another one for Quackity off of bets. George tries not to get too involved, but he does end up having to do Dream's laundry for a week.

He doesn't like losing bets to Dream at all. He doesn't mind losing to Sapnap or Punz or Sylvee, but losing to Dream just feels wrong somehow. Almost like a betrayal. While he should take them less personally, somehow a bet between Dream and George becomes more personal, like there's something unnamed always on the line as well.

Today, for instance, it's just Dream and George on the practice server, the night before the next MCC and they're getting toxic in battle box.

Neither of them are streaming, usually the nights before are reserved for team strategy planning and VOD reviews, but Dream got his done earlier in the day and George can't be bothered to track Wilbur and Tommy down when neither of them likely care. Dream wanted to keep practicing and sweet talked George into helping or at least keeping him company.

The helpful suggestions from the beginning of the call have now turned into taunts and boasts, like Dream thinks he's battling Sapnap. To be fair, George loves seeing Dream step over the line that's so firm for everyone else, and he's encouraging Dream to lose his mind by not listening, purposefully doing the exact opposite of what he tells him to do, it's turning into great fun for the chaos demon that lives inside George.

"George, you idiot!" Dream shouts, not for the first time and certainly not for the last. "You just blew that, why'd you do that?"

"I dunno," George says, readying up for another 1v1 round.

"You're such an idiot, I swear to God. Why do you always do this?"

"Play me, Dream," George says, "Play me, idiot." His character waves his arms at Dream who still isn't ready, too busy focusing on the last round and how stupid George was.

"Fine, but you're losing this 1v1 like you've lost the rest. If you would only listen to me, George."

"I don't want to listen to you," George says, "You act like you're the god of all of Minecraft."

You're not. I want to do my strat."

"Oh yeah and what's your strat been?" Dream asks, voice heavily sarcastic. "Lose to me on purpose just to be an idiot? You're not even streaming, there's no one here to even entertain."

"I could beat you if I wanted to, you know I could."

Dream finally readies up and George chooses his kit. "You could never beat me."

"I could totally beat you, Dream."

"Wanna bet?" Dream asks, words now intimately familiar in their household. George lets out a deep sigh, already knowing he won't be backing down on this.

"What's the bet?" He asks. The round begins but both of them know this isn't the one they're using. It doesn't stop George from bow spamming from his spawn, the same thing he's been doing every round without fail. Dream, just as he has for every other round, hides behind the wall and parkours under cover until he's close enough to grab the potion of harming and splash George. One crit, and it's over. Same thing as the last few rounds, except the one where George accidentally fell in the lava. You know, for variety.

"If you beat me on this next round, I'll edit your next video."

George rolls his eyes. "You're already editing that video, remember? You lost that bet about eating the crab legs the fastest."

"Yeah, well, how was I supposed to know how disgusting they are and how hard they are to crack open?"

"You're literally from Florida, a state surrounded by water on three sides."

"Still!"

"You're already editing my video, figure something else out."

"I'll give you a hundred subs," Dream says, it's his usual back up option. Everyone likes a hundred subs and George definitely likes money.

"Twitch will take their cut, though."

"Yeah, but you'll have the clout of seeing your chat watch me gift you the subs."

"That's true," George says and the idea of his MCC stream the next day randomly having Dream gift him a hundred subs out of nowhere appeals to him greatly. They'll ask so many questions and he'll be able to tell them he owned Dream in a video game. "Alright, a hundred subs if I win. What if you win?"

"Another week of laundry for me."

George considers for a moment. He complained a lot about doing Dream's laundry, but it really wasn't bad. He doesn't mind doing laundry. It's warm out of the dryer and he likes the smell of Dream's detergent. Really, he just complained a lot to throw Dream and Sapnap off asking him to do laundry because he secretly doesn't mind it. And people say he doesn't have strategy.

"Ugh, laundry? What are you doing to your sheets, Dream? How much laundry can you possibly have when all you wear are those gray sweatpants and hoodies?"

“Next week’s laundry, then. After I’ve had a chance to get everything really sweaty and gross.”

George pretends to think about it. He knows he’s going to accept. Even Dream’s ‘sweaty’ smell isn’t that bad. Nothing like Sapnap’s. And he barely has to touch it anyway. Dream’s such a clean freak that he puts all his clothes in hampers when he showers or changes. He just has to carry the hamper downstairs to the laundry machine and dump them in. He doesn’t even need to sort anything.

“Fine. I’ll do your stupid laundry if you win again. Which you won’t. You’ll be paying me a hundred subs tomorrow and you’re not allowed to explain anything online.”

“So you just want me to look like I simp for you?” Dream asks, voice expressive. It makes George laugh.

He readies up, thinking quickly about how to take this seriously. His greatest strength as a player is that people constantly underestimate him. The irony is that Dream is the one that pointed that out, and he’s often the worst about it. Dream’s downfall is that he thinks he knows everything there is to know about George—the lore keeper or something. He thinks he can always predict what George will do. He’s very wrong.

George isn’t a loud player like Sapnap and Dream in the sense that he feeds into his own ego and sweats until he dominates everything. George genuinely likes to play to have fun and though he has moments where he says he’s the greatest player of all time, it mostly goes over people’s heads that he’s poking fun at those types of players.

“Dream, you do simp for me. Alright, it’s a bet.”

He’s going to obliterate Dream. Dream starts the round the same as the last, expecting George to start bow spamming like he has the last forty rounds. Instead, George yolos onto the left of the map, expecting Dream to be parkouring on the other side. He gets off a great crossbow shot from where Dream isn’t expecting it, and hits him hard enough to knock him off his block. He keeps moving behind, watching Dream change tactics mid jump and head for the potion of harming.

George grabs the potion on his side of the map and then he goes high. He knows he can’t beat Dream head on and at full health, but he’s a damn good archer. He just has to hit him a few times, make sure his health is higher than Dream’s, and then take him out. Or wait for Dream to make a mistake.

In a stroke of genius, George sacrifices his potion of harming, throwing it to Dream’s right and forcing him to move left. Enough of it splashes on him, that Dream takes some damage. He gets off another crossbow hit while Dream tries to hit him, and with one swipe of his sword, Dream puffs out of existence.

“I DID IT!” George shouts once it sinks in.

“What the fu—”

“I did it! I beat you!” George says, feeling his throat hurt from how loud he gets. This won’t be great for tomorrow’s stream, but whatever.

“What the hell, George,” Dream says, shocked, “HOW?”

“I beat you, you’re horrible at the game. You should quit your career now. Never stream again. Never play again. I win. I’m the best. You’re the worst. I hate you and you’re an idiot.” For good measure, George mashes his GOXLR lazer sound and really drives home the point.

What? George can get toxic too.

“Where was this all night, George? You were cracked!” That’s one thing George loves about Dream. Even when he loses, he’s gracious and proud of George. Usually there’s a bit more arguing before he accepts it, the sweaty gamer boy strong in him, but once he realizes he’s lost fair and square, he’s more thrilled to see his friends do well than to fall into his own feelings.

“I dunno,” George says, “I’m just the best.”

“No chance you can do this tomorrow,” Dream says and there’s a challenge in his words that George can’t resist. Maybe he’s on a high, maybe he’s under a spell, maybe the gambling bug has finally bitten him as hard as Sapnap.

“Wanna bet, Dream? Do you want to owe me more money?”

“Oh, what? You’re going to place above me tomorrow? No chance, George.”

“I could beat you,” George says, trying to sound confident when everything in him is already cringing.

“You’ve placed top ten twice,” Dream points out.

“So I’m obviously getting better. You haven’t placed top ten in every MCC this season, there’s a margin of error there.”

“C’mon, George. Seriously. You think you can beat me?”

Now George is getting slightly pissed off. Sure he doesn’t try very hard at the game, he likes fucking around. He likes having fun more than he likes making his entire personality about winning. He likes to win, don’t get him wrong, but he doesn’t make his entire identity around it.

Dream could pretend to be a little scared of him. He did just kick his ass after all. “Yeah, Dream. I’m going to beat you tomorrow. I’m going to place higher than you and you’re going to lose another bet to me.”

“What are the stakes this time, George?”

“Another hundred subs?”

“No way,” Dream says, “This is a way bigger deal. You want me to take you seriously? We have to have real stakes. This last bet was one round of battle box, this is an entire Minecraft Championship. It’s going to take more than luck on one game to beat me.”

“It wasn’t luck that I beat you, Dream, but if you need to tell yourself that to feel better, that’s fine,” George says. “Not my fault you’re an idiot.”

“Okay then put your money where your mouth is.”

“Interesting turn of phrase,” George says, scrambling to think of something he can get from Dream.

“Hmm,” Dream says in his I-just-got-an-idea-tone. He doesn’t elaborate.

“What?” George asks.

“No, nothing, that’s too far,” Dream says, more to himself.

It drives George crazy when Dream does that. He fucking hates it. George wants to know everything Dream's thinking all the time. He's been told it's annoying. Maybe it is. He doesn't have to like physically or mentally be inside Dream's brain, but when he mentions he has an idea and then backtracks? It drives George nuts. He wants to know what it is.

"Tell me," George demands.

Dream laughs awkwardly, not a sound George hears very often directed at him. It intrigues him more. What could this possibly be?

"Tell me, idiot," George says again. "What was the idea?"

"There's no way, so it doesn't matter," Dream says and George hates when he does that too.

"Tell me or the bet is off."

"No, it's too far for you, George."

Too far for George? "What's that supposed to mean? You don't think I'll go through with the terms of the bet? You know I'm not like that."

"We haven't even agreed on anything," Dream pleads.

George already has it in his mind that whatever this stupid idea Dream had was, that's what they're doing. Dream's going to try to say he won't do something? Of course he would.

"What was the idea, idiot?"

"I said for you to put your money where your mouth is," Dream says like he's expecting George to pick up what he's putting down. George is not picking anything up. All he did was repeat what he'd already said and it wasn't even helpful the first time he said it.

"I'm trying to put my money where my mouth is, Dream, but you're not telling me—"

"Blow jobs," Dream says and George goes silent.

"Oh," He hears himself say and then Dream starts giggling in his ears.

"See, I said it would be too much for you."

"But not too much for you?" George says, because this information strikes him as key, but just out of reach.

"Well, I wouldn't be the one losing," Dream says in that fucking asshole confident way that George usually loves unless in times like these when it's being used against him.

"Fine," George says, riding the high of Dream's condescension. He'll fucking show him. "It's a bet. Loser gives winner a blow job. Get ready to pony up."

What the fuck? What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.

What did George just get himself into? In the heat of the moment, it sounded like a great idea, show Dream that he's not scared of anything, that he can beat him at his own game, that Dream can't predict everything he says and does.

Now, though, once he hung up the call dramatically and threw himself into bed to try to sleep enough to not be dead tomorrow on face cam—it sounds like a pretty shit idea. He's going to wind up blowing Dream, isn't he? He's never done anything like that before. With a man. He's barely gotten a blow job, he can't—he can't—

He tries to sleep for half an hour before he finally gives up. He needs a plan of attack. He usually relies on Dream to come up with the strat, but this is definitely not something Dream's going to help him with and there is more on the line than ever before.

Checking his phone, he sees his teammates Wilbur, Niki, and Tommy are offline, hopefully sleeping. He sends them all a message to the discord asking them to please help him obliterate Dream tomorrow.

He promises monetary rewards for knocking Dream down as many placements as possible. He tells them there's a bet, but absolutely doesn't mention the details of the bet. They didn't actually discuss it, but George thinks there's a silent agreement to not talk about this with anyone else. Not even Sapnap and definitely not chat. He begs Tommy to be the chaos demon he knows and loves, he asks Wilbur to focus his energy on destroying Dream for the memes. He doesn't bother asking Niki because she's too nice and she loves Dream. He asks her to at least stay out of his way and just try her best at the event.

With that out of the way, George re-watches the MCC pre-show video to see which games are in the line up and what changes they've made. He usually relies on Dream to tell him all this information, even when they're on different teams. Sure enough, Dream mentioned some things earlier today before the play went so far off the tracks, but he's glad to watch it directly himself now because there are things Dream left out, whether that's because he was already trying to sabotage the other teams, or because he didn't think it was as important.

There are scoring changes to TGGTOSAWAF and Survival Games. Enough difference that George actually writes the changes down on a piece of paper by his PC to remember tomorrow. He scours through the reddit to find Buildmart strategies and writes those down too. He watches Grian's Buildmart vods, and then Scott's for good measure. He thinks he can take Dream in Buildmart at least.

The more he thinks about it, the more he thinks his plan of attack needs to be a war of attrition. He needs to demoralize Dream. He needs to get into his head. He needs to get more people in on targeting him. Ugh, but he can't be too toxic. He starts to type up a message to Quackity and some other friends who are playing tomorrow to ask them to target Dream, but his stupid conscience stops him. It's one thing to ask his team, it's totally another to turn everyone against Dream. That's taking it too far.

With this decided, George starts his campaign to get into Dream's head.

All this time online, frantically researching, and he's more awake than ever. He needs to get good sleep if he wants to have any chance tomorrow. Or, well, later today. He needs to be up in ten hours to make it on time.

Sleep eludes him still. He goes downstairs to get a glass of water and hopefully steal one of Dream's melatonin gummies to help him sleep. He knows the house well enough now to not need to turn on any lights, letting the moonlight coming through the windows be enough of a guide to get him to the kitchen. He grabs a glass and fills it in the dark.

The water is too cold and he can't drink it all in one gulp like he prefers. He finds himself standing in front of the sliding back door, watching the moonlight come spilling onto the tiled floor.

There's a noise behind him that startles him. Whipping around, a little of the water splashing over the edge of the glass, he comes face to face with Dream.

"It's you," Dream says stupidly.

George huffs a laugh, a natural reaction to such a stupid observation. "It's me."

Dream follows the same steps as George, and when his glass is full, steps over to stand next to George at the back door. It's a strange position to be, especially both of them there. There are certain spots in the house that aren't meant for stagnancy and this spot is one of them.

"Can I have one of your gummies?" George asks and then shakes his head when he realizes he sounded like a primary school kid. "The sleep ones?"

Dream nods, "Having trouble sleeping?"

"Nope, sleeping now actually. Like a baby."

He assumes Dream rolls his eyes, but in his defense, it was another stupid thing to say. His eyes track Dream as he crosses the kitchen to the cabinets on the far side. He reaches one long arm up and grabs a bottle from the top shelf, a piece of pale skin showing in the gap between his hoodie and those god damn gray sweatpants.

George would have needed to get on a chair to get those. It's effortless to Dream to reach up there. He's so tall. George hates him a little bit for telling the complete truth about how tall he is.

"Here," Dream says, handing George a gummy a second later.

"Thanks," he mumbles, chewing the gummy quickly and draining the rest of his water.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks and it's so Dream of him to check in after such a charged conversation earlier.

"Yeah. Are you?"

"Yeah."

"Good," George says, unsure what else there is to say here. By this time tomorrow, one of them will have sucked off the other. It's a strange thought to have. For all the shipping, he honestly hasn't given much thought to actually doing those things with Dream.

Well, if he's telling the God's honest truth, there was a moment... right when he stepped off the plane and his eyes landed on Dream's in the baggage claim, a moment that his stomach dropped and his dick might have twitched a bit in his sweats. There's no denying Dream's a beautiful man. In that moment, he felt it, he got it. But then Dream hugged him hard and he remembered he's his best friend and that door shut.

Other than that one moment, George doesn't let himself think about it.

"You can always back out if you—" Dream says and what nice thoughts George was having of him vanish.

"Shut the fuck up, Dream," he says, "I'm not backing out and I'm not losing. So you can back out if you need to, but it won't be me. Got it?"

In his intensity, George got close to Dream's face and only realizes it once he's out of words and he's centimeters from Dream's nose. Dream won't look away and George doesn't want to either, doesn't want to be the one to break the moment, he won't be weak there either.

"Okay," Dream says after a moment or an hour, George isn't really sure, "Okay then. I'm going to bed."

"Fine then."

"May the best man win," Dream says, reaching a hand out to shake George's like they're some kind of business partners. They are business partners, but they're not the hand shaking kind.

"I will, thanks," George replies, just to be a bitch and Dream sighs.

"I walked into that one."

"You really did."

They leave their glasses in the sink and George follows Dream up the stairs, trying not to stare at those gray sweat pants, the image caught behind his eyes of the moonlight reflecting off the skin right above his pants when he reached up to the shelf earlier. It's a hard image to shake.

"Goodnight, George," Dream says quietly as they part ways.

"Night."

It's easier to fall asleep after that.

They eat breakfast together. Sapnap, too. And there's a lot of trash talking over their pancakes this morning. Well, Dream eats eggs because he's a loser.

"Eat up, honey bunch," Sapnap says to George, "You're going to need all your strength when I kick your ass later today."

George shovels more pancakes into his mouth, and then opens it to show the insides to both his roommates. They make disgusted faces and George counts it as a win. When he swallows he says, "I'm going to beat both of you so bad today."

Sapnap looks over at him strangely. "Bet?"

George catches Dream's eye quickly and smirks at Sapnap. "Already got one with Dream, so no bet with you today."

His whole face lights up. The only thing Sapnap loves more than his own bets, is a bet between George and Dream that he can get in on and make them both miserable over. "Oh, what are the terms? What are the stakes? When did you guys make a bet without me?"

Without looking at Dream, he's confident they're on the same page on this one, he says, "Not telling you."

"What? Why not? We tell each other everything," Sapnap whines, looking betrayed.

"We definitely don't tell each other everything," Dream says, taking a sip of his water.

"I tell you guys everything," Sapnap says.

"We wish you wouldn't, though," George says to this, thinking of the times Sapnap has gone way too into detail about sex dreams he has about celebrities and even friends of theirs.

"We'll tell you who wins," Dream says, not promising more than that.

"You're not going to give me anything more than that? You guys okay?"

"You're the one with a crippling gambling addiction," George says, "And you're asking if we're okay?"

"I'm not hiding my bets from my friends."

"We aren't either. We told you about it."

"But you won't say anything else about it, that's hiding it."

"If we were hiding it, we wouldn't have told you about it at all," George argues.

Dream comes to his rescue, "Sapnap, leave it alone. It doesn't matter. Neither of us want to make a bet with you about MCC right now. Why don't you ask Quackity or something?"

"What, you think Big Q is stupid enough to make a bet against beating me?" Sapnap asks, incredulously. "He's not that dumb."

Dream looks pointedly at George who pretends not to notice. He takes another large bite of pancake.

"It doesn't have to be about who's better," Dream says and George can tell he's bullshitting, but it's working on Sapnap, "You can bet on who'll get more subs, or who can punch more people on To Get to the Other Side, it doesn't have to be about placements."

"Punching is stupid," Sapnap says like that that was the point of what Dream was saying.

"You're the one who always ends up punching," George reminds him.

"Only when it's you. Or Punz."

"Yeah, I'd punch Punz, too," George says with a smile. They love Punz and love to shit talk him.

"C'mon, we have thirty minutes, you guys should set up your face cams," Dream says, always the

party leader.

“Sure, Dad,” Sapnap says, but George is just relieved he’s not calling him Daddy Dream again. Sapnap leaves his plate in the sink and the pancake pans all over the counter.

Normally George would jump to clean it all so that Dream or his mum don’t clean it, but there’s not much time before the event begins and he wants to get out a little energy before hand. He needs to make sure his teammates read all his updated strats he left in the discord over the course of the night.

“Good luck, George,” Dream says.

George looks at him and this is the last time he’ll see him in person before the bet gets settled. “You too, Dream. I think you’re going to need it.” He smirks with a confidence that he’s completely faking but Dream looks taken aback so he thinks his plan of trying to get into Dream’s head is working. “I hope your teammates are up to date on all the scoring changes. Turns out you were way off what you told me last night. Good thing I double checked the video.”

“What?” Dream asks, and by the confusion in his eyes George can guess that Dream honestly thought he was giving George good information yesterday. That’s what George believed, Dream isn’t really the type to sabotage his closest friends. Maybe he would have after they determined their bet, but not before.

Now, George has left him with just enough time to catch some of the video, frantically talk to his team, but not enough time to calm himself down. Step one: done.

George doesn’t answer, just walks back upstairs to his room to get online. He’s got an event to win, after all.

It’s George’s lucky day—Tommy and Wilbur are in just the right mood to cause chaos and rain it down on Dream.

His nerves are harsh at first. Parkour tag has him hunting three times and winning all three of them. Wilbur and Tommy seem to take his request to help him place as high as possible to heart, and they let him hunt the teams that will give him the most individual points.

“We got you, King,” they keep saying and it makes George laugh every time.

He beats Dream in Parkour Tag. Repeat: he beats Dream in Parkour Tag.

Granted, the rest of Dream’s team are not great parkour players so it makes sense that his team’s individual bad survival rates effect his winning, but alas, George is higher than Dream on the leader boards after the first game.

His silence is deafening. Usually they at least text each other or message over discord during an

event. They don't risk whispering on the in-game chat because too many people will read into everything they say. George saves that for Sapnap pandering. For this game, though, nothing.

George breathes through the second decision dome. Sky Battle is picked next and George is almost thankful that Dream's heavy hitting games are up first so that he has a chance in the multipliers later.

Unexpectedly, Tommy makes a choice that helps him. "Dream's team is to our left!" Tommy shouts down the comms, although everything he says is in a shout so George takes it as a head's up and not an invitation to Wilbur to go and fuck him up.

He's crafting armor for himself and the next thing he knows, Wilbur and Tommy are sacrificing themselves to take Dream out before he can get any survival points or get any kills.

And the best thing about it is that sometimes Tommy is just like that, so Dream can't even accuse him of putting him up to that. Something primal awakens in Tommy during these events when he sees Dream and he just thirsts for his murder.

Dream goes out early in the first round. How about that?

He and Niki don't do too horribly on their own. Niki bridges defensively and George bows as many people as he can, landing a neat three kills. More than Dream, anyway. He's taken out by Fruitberries and he considers it an honor to have gotten as far as he did.

The next round, Tommy and Wilbur do the same thing, but manage to take out two of the teammates with Dream, so he and Niki have an easier time making it to mid. He scores another three kills, and Niki gets two. Their team isn't even doing too terribly.

The third round, Dream is expecting Tommy and Wilbur so the strat doesn't work the same as it did the last two times. But they aren't expecting George to be with them this time, leaving Niki to do all the crafting. And so the three of them manage to take out Dream's entire team, and Wilbur's even alive this time to help out.

With a boost of confidence, and Dream's team's extra stuff, they make it to the middle stacked and clean a couple teams out. George winds up with five kills due to creative use of creepers and conservative plays—no jumping across kamikaze style like he has in the past. He doesn't make it to the end, but he's on the leader board in fifth place for the game.

Sapnap whispers: Bro, you are cracked!!!!

Sapnap whispers: Goggyyy

He whoops in excitement and suddenly the game is fun. Is this why the Technoblades and Sappaps of the world try so hard? Because when you win it's this fun? Maybe he understands it a little now.

He checks the individual scores and sees he's still ahead of Dream. He doesn't even check the placement, just makes sure he sees Dream's name way far beneath his.

There are no new discord messages and no texts.

In the next decision dome, their team gets dunked. They're in second place, so it makes a bit of sense why they would be targeted. Later, he realizes it's Dream's team that dunks them. Out for revenge. He can understand that.

The choice is out of his hands, but they end up playing Grid Runners. This isn't George's best game, but it is one of his favorites. Taking on the team captain role, surprising even to him because

Tommy has a force of a personality and can step into that role pretty easily, he guides them through the rooms with an uncharacteristic focus that his chat has started to pick up on.

He can't afford to let them get in his head, so he moves the chat off the main screen for now. He'll definitely need them again in Sands of Time. They clench Grid Runners in third place. Dream's team gets second, but there's no way to effect any other team in this game so George takes the loss and lets it roll off his back.

Before they can get dunked again, his team throw their chickens for Survival Games. Unfortunately, Ace Race wins out. George is fine with this decision since it's the Space Race map, he's good at that one. Wilbur has come to accept the inevitability of Ace Race or something else that sounds pretentious but funny coming from Wilbur, and Tommy does okay.

George, for the first time, pulls a Sapnap and mutes his team and puts on music. He gets in the zone, he ignores chat, and he focuses. He hits the skip every time. He barely pays attention to his placement, he just focuses on hitting every jump. It pays off. Five minutes later, he gets second.

Second. In fucking Ace Race.

Pete got first and Dream got fifth. George unmutes his team to hearty celebrations. Wilbur got eighth and Tommy got fourteenth. George checks in on Niki and sees she's in 30th place and cheers her on. If anyone has a stranger relationship with Ace Race than Wilbur, it's Niki. She makes it.

Their team is in second. Holy shit.

Checking the individual boards, he's still ahead of Dream. Holy shit again.

"Okay, what do we want to play next?" George asks and is surprised once again to feel like the team leader. It's not a position he's usually in and he's not sure if he likes it.

"Let's shoot for Survival Games again," Tommy says and George can practically see the targets for Dream in his eyes. George is okay with that. George is okay with he and Niki teaming up and letting Tommy and Wilbur go absolutely ape shit. Splitting up like that is not something he'd ever get to do on Dream's team, but you know what? This is George's team.

"I'm down," George says and throws his chicken. Not as many other people are out for blood, but in the end Survival Games is picked.

Without talking about it out loud, Tommy and Wilbur message in discord their plan to hunt Dream down and target him. George makes sure to mention out loud for chat that Niki is going to be his partner and they are going to stay together, focusing on surviving rather than engaging in fights. Tommy and Wilbur are quiet enough that chat must be catching on that they are being devious little shits.

George and Niki take off into the opposite direction from spawn, keeping close together and looting a few chests. They've got armor pretty quickly and enough food to last them a while. George scouts out a crossbow and then an enchantment table—locked and loaded with the crossbow, they are able to pick off two people from two different teams after a confrontation. Clean up duty.

He catches in the in-game chat when Wilbur and Tommy manage to kill Dream and he can't keep the smirk off his face, ignoring the riotous cheers from his teammates. There are 70,000 people watching and he knows Dream will be watching this VOD back.

“RIP Dream,” he says, allowing a hint of arrogance to lace his voice. He can’t afford to get too complacent, but he has a pretty steady lead over Dream now and only three games left. He’ll let himself have this one.

Niki takes out another person with her bow, but sacrifices herself to let him keep going. He didn’t ask her to do that, but he knows what it’s like to be on a team with a clear goal. Niki is definitely a team player and Tommy and Wilbur cheer when George is able to escape. With all of his teammates now dead, George lets them guide him since they can see better. He zig zags around Sapnap’s OP stacked team. He picks off Quackity trailing too far behind Illumina. He makes it to where the border shrinks and stakes out a spot to hide in, much like Sylvee before him.

The strat works and George is the last to survive, though he doesn’t have as many last second kills as the others do. However, if they had paid attention to the video like he did, they’d know surviving is worth more points than kills and so with that, George takes on a massive amount of coins and his team is sitting pretty in first place.

Maybe he should make bets more often.

“Damn, George,” Tommy says in the lull between the next game. “You’re cracked today, King.”

“I am, I’m totally cracked!” He laughs easily into the camera and hopes that when Dream sees this back, he’ll catch the manic look in his eye. He can’t explain what he’s feeling.

Somehow this turned from doing everything in his power to not have to blow Dream, to actively wanting to win and obliterate Dream so that Dream has to blow him. It didn’t occur to him until right now, that it could go the other way. The bet always felt inevitable that it would be him on his knees, Dream’s eyes big and expecting him to back down, Dream’s cock too big in his mouth, choking him.

He’s never sucked dick before, he wasn’t looking forward to embarrassing himself in front of Dream. If he’s going to do it, he’d like to do it well, you know?

It’s Buildmart next. Normally, this would be a huge morale killer for George, but in this case, it’s a balm. George can feel Dream’s energy sinking even further. This far down the ranks, the idea of playing his most loathed game is going to demoralize him even further. It’s almost like the whole house except George’s room sinks into a negative energy tornado because he has Sapnap whispering to him about how he fucking hates Buildmart and George should have voted To Get to the Other Side with him.

He doesn’t mind Buildmart in this instance. He reminds his team of the strat—Grian’s strat. They have a runner to grab all the woods and then everybody places everything in the center chest and then make smart call outs about what they need. Knowing he’s the worst builder and color blind, George volunteers to be the runner. He likes the idea of not having the pressure of building and he can just focus on bringing things back.

He asks his chat to help him remember what they need and also grabs his handy piece of paper with the notes on it, to scribble things down too.

It’s the smoothest Buildmart he’s ever played. It’s like they’re kissed by Lady Luck. George gets extra birch wood, and then it’s needed for a later build. Niki finishes her build first and then there’s an immediate gold build. George helps her with it before going to grab more things, and they win that build first too. The momentum keeps up, but they were never going to be a strong competitor in Buildmart. They finish third and George considers that a massive win. Dream’s team comes ninth.

Sapnap surprises him with a second place finish, but then he has Grian on his team. He makes sure to whisper his congratulations.

Lady Luck deserts them when HBomb gets everyone to vote Sands of Time. George hates and loves Sands of Time in equal measure. Dream is very good at this game, but George has plot armor helping him along. Dream's going to be playing risky to make up coins, so George has to play his usual game and get enough coins to coast by.

Niki is sand keeper by her own choice, but she's done it enough that she's comfortable with it. George ran the team through his Sands of Time strat in the discord and reminds them of everything now. Tommy is set to find the emerald path and Wilbur is supposed to do the puzzles off spawn quickly to get a key. George picks a path and runs down it. Like every time he plays this game, he feels like his soul leaves his body and he's on another plane of existence.

He basically blacks out and then it's over. He got two vaults and Wilbur tells him he did an insane lava parkour without hesitating. Wilbur only knows that because he found it first and said it was way too difficult and then lead George to it, trying to talk him out of it the whole time. George barely remembers this part.

Tommy allowed him to get the other vault so he could get the coins. The comms are fantastic, switching paths seamlessly, handing off the vault key. VOD reviewers will be mad that Tommy didn't just do it himself, but his confidence on this game is not very high after a couple bad performances so they can write it off as that instead of Tommy trying to help him farm points against Dream.

"Hi HBomb," he waves cheekily at the end of the run when they're walking through the exit. They're the second to last team out and they wind up in third place. Dream comes in fourth. George bets that's going to eat him up.

If they can hold on to their second place position, they'll go to Dodgebolt. That's not part of the bet with Dream, but it'll be a nice cherry on top. And he would love for his team to win after all the sacrifices they've made for him to stomp on Dream.

They're dunked right off the bat and George watches to see if it will come down to Battle Box or To Get to the Other Side—both of these are games Dream can pop off in. But in Battle Box, they only have one chance to sabotage him, not six.

George really hopes it's not Battle Box. With another spurt of luck, they line up on the first map of TGTOSAWAF. Tommy sets his sights on Dream, ready to rumble and Wilbur plays body guard. George enjoys himself immensely. He feels like the Prime Minister or something. Maybe the Queen.

He doesn't stun anyone in these maps, but he beats Dream every time but one. It's enough. It'll be enough. Tommy gives up on grieving Dream on the second map because Dream's team starts grieving back. George's high keeps him doing well and moving quickly.

He makes an insane block clutch save that keeps him in top five on the spider webs map. He asks his chat to clip that because he'll never be able to do anything as cool as that ever again.

"Oh my God," Tommy says when the final scores appear. "WE'RE GOING TO DODGEBOLT!"

George looks for himself and, yeah, it's over. They're going to Dodgebolt and he beat Dream.

"Gogy! Gogy look!" Wilbur screams.

“Look at what, where are you?”

“You’re in third, George! You got third! You’re an animal. You’re amazing. You’re cracked. You’re cracked at the craft. Oh my God, Gogs!” Tommy says and George doesn’t know how to feel. He’s overwhelmed. He won the bet.

He’s getting his dick sucked tonight by his best friend.

And they still have to play Dodgebolt. He can’t fall apart yet.

“Guys, we have to focus on the game. Let’s win this, yeah?” George says, trying to channel what Dream would say in this scenario to get everyone on board.

“Congratulations, George,” Niki says once Wilbur and Tommy have calmed down a bit. Sappnap’s going crazy in his in-game chat. It makes George smile to read his encouragement.

“You guys know the strat, right?”

“Funnel to you, all day, baby,” Tommy says and George thinks to himself, when did he become the guy they funnel to?

He doesn’t think he’s played Dodgebolt in forever, he didn’t even bother thinking about them getting this far.

George repeats Dream’s mantra, “Don’t go for the arrow first, let them shoot and miss. Then we have two chances.”

Fruit’s shot goes wide. George picks up both arrows and narrows his eyes on his target. He hits.

To his astonishment, they win this game too.

The winners screenies are a sacred tradition and George finally allows himself to release the chaos god energy he’s been holding back in order to win and he, Wilbur, and Tommy go off.

“GOGY!” Sappnap screams when he joins the VC a couple minutes later. “You totally did it, oh my God! I’m so fucking proud of you, dude. What the hell where did this come from?”

“You certainly upset the reddit predictions,” Dream says quietly as he enters the VC and George relaxes into his voice.

“Hi.”

“Hi, George.”

“I won, Dream,” he says, needlessly.

“You did,” Dream says back. Other people might be talking around them, but George can only focus on Dream. “You did great, George.”

“Thanks, Dream.”

“I believe I owe you something.” George’s stomach drops. He’s half hard thinking about later, but he can’t believe Dream is mentioning it now.

“We said a hundred subs, right?” Dream says and George is confused. Oh! Oh, the other bet. The one he’s completely put out of his brain.

“Yeah a hundred subs, Dream. Pay up. I won fair and square.”

George has to give Dream credit. That’s a nicely timed donation, now they can pretend this is the result of this bet instead of the first bet. God, that seems like ages ago now rather than less than twelve hours ago.

“Well I don’t know about fair,” Dream says but George was for sure talking about the first bet anyway.

“I can’t believe I got third,” George says mostly to himself, but partly for Dream.

“I can’t believe you just needed,” he pauses for a second and George thinks only he’ll be able to hear the innuendo behind his words, “this kind of motivation to do it.”

“Shut up.”

“You’re reaping all your rewards today,” Dream says and George can’t believe he’s saying this shit in front of three hundred thousand people across all these streams.

“George!” Sapnap screams and it’s no longer in his headphones, it’s outside his room.

He doesn’t wait for an invitation, but slams the door open.

“George you little shit!”

Sapnap hugs him right there on stream. They look funny together in the little square of the screen, not calibrated for two faces but George couldn’t give less of a shit.

“Let me end my stream and then let’s watch a movie. My choice.”

“Winner’s choice for dinner, too, dude.”

“I’m paying,” Dream says in his headphones.

He ends the stream quickly after that. But he thinks chat understands he has to go celebrate with his best friends.

The evening goes by at a snail’s pace. They enjoy a night out at George’s favorite sushi restaurant in Orlando. He keeps catching Dream’s eye. To his credit, Dream isn’t shying away. He’s making blow job jokes left and right that Sapnap isn’t catching onto.

He doesn’t get too mad when he finds out George asked Tommy to help him beat Dream.

“I figured it had to be something like that,” he says, “he was out for my blood.”

“Sky Battle was particularly brutal,” George says, “that was his idea, sorry.”

“Don’t apologize, it fucking worked, didn’t it?”

George catches Sapnap up on what happened and they take turns breaking down their performances. George especially enjoys sharing his point of view this time. He usually has the least amount to add to this post game conversation.

George doesn’t know how Dream’s acting so normal. If it had gone the other way, George would be too stressed and freaking out to enjoy a night out with his closest friends. Maybe he’s done this before, he thinks. George doesn’t know any more about Dream’s sexuality than he’s told his audience. He knows about the past girlfriend, never particularly liked her, and despised her after the cheating. But he’s never mentioned men in a non-joking manner. And most of the jokes were DNF related.

George always got the feeling Dream hadn’t fully figured himself out and that’s why he hadn’t shared anything. There’s no rush and they spent two years in a pandemic while Dream was blowing up online, two very good reasons to be careful about who you’re sleeping with in your early twenties.

He’s remarkably calm about all this. It’s a long dinner. They linger over dessert and then Sapnap insists on the movie night he promised. George picks out a movie he won’t mind missing and then lets his mind wander. Somehow he ends up in the middle of his friends. Sapnap vouches for movie nights because it’s an excuse to cuddle, so he’s naturally pressed intently against George’s left side, curled into his own blanket. Dream, on his right, also has his own blanket, a Sooners one that George sent from England for his last birthday. He’s not glued to George’s side, but there’s enough of him touching George to drive him crazy.

Sapnap could be naked and in his lap and it wouldn’t effect him as deeply as Dream’s elbow lightly tapping against his own.

Halfway through the movie, Dream lifts his arm up and the force of Sapnap leaning strongly onto his side makes George fall into the crux of Dream’s side. Dream lets him touch down, and then lowers his arm back down, curling around George’s shoulder. For the only one without a blanket, he’s certainly warm enough.

His face is on fire and the farther into the movie the more nervous he gets. After the movie, Sapnap will retire to his room to fuck around, like he always does. And then Dream and George will go upstairs to their own rooms and.... They’re on the upper floor alone. Sapnap’s bedroom on the ground floor will keep him from hearing anything and asking questions the next day. Unless they get really unnaturally loud.

Hopefully that doesn’t happen. It’s nice being wrapped up in Dream’s arm. He feels secure even though he’s nervous. He feels safe, even though he’s anxious. Protected. Dream is a great protector and there’s no where safer than under his wing.

“This movie sucks,” Sapnap says. He’s been checking his phone frequently so George isn’t surprised by his opinion. “Why’d you pick this one, George? You have awful taste.”

“Don’t care,” George says back.

“It’s not the worst movie we’ve watched for movie night,” Dream says, his voice making his chest

rumble under George's head. He likes it. It reminds him of when Patches purrs on his chest.

"Right, of course you'll take George's side, even when he's absurdly wrong," Sapnap says, surface level serious.

"Even I didn't say the movie was good," George points out.

"Do we bother finishing it?" Sapnap asks.

George shrugs and then remembers he's trapped in the cuddle pile. "It's almost done. And I'm comfortable, so—"

"So you admit you love cuddling with me?" Sapnap says in his most childlike voice. George has no idea how he gets away with that. He's twenty but Dream wasn't doing that at twenty. Dream at twenty felt like a lot of people older than him even now. He's got an old soul and a charismatic way about him.

"Never," George pulls Sapnap closer to show he doesn't mean it.

They end up just talking through the rest of the movie, now that it's clear that no one cares about it. It doesn't do much for George's nerves, but he imagines that would be even worse without the casual bullshitting.

When the credits roll, Sapnap stands up and sheds his blanket cocoon. Sure enough he heads back to his room, coaxing Patches to follow him. Under normal circumstances, Dream would put up a fight and try to persuade Patches to stay with him, but he'll be busy later.

"I guess it's time to go to bed," George says for lack of anything else to say.

Dream folds his Sooners blanket and puts it back on the top of the couch. "You're getting your reward, I haven't forgotten."

"You don't have to—"

"You're getting it," Dream says, staring him down. His eyes are intense, filled with something George hasn't seen in them before. His cheeks feel warm and he looks down long before Dream looks away.

It's Dream who speaks again next, "I'll meet you in your room soon, okay?"

George nods and makes his way up to his room. His bed isn't made, the navy sheets on display. Dream bought him those sheets. He plugs his phone in and then sits on the bed. Wow, this is really going to happen huh? He wonders if he should take his hoodie off. Should he be naked for this? What if it's terrible? What if Dream bites his dick off in revenge?

Dream wouldn't bite his dick off. Right?

Nah. He takes the hoodie off.

After five minutes, Dream hasn't arrived. He checks his phone, no messages. He gets up and walks around a bit. He goes to the bathroom. Brushes his teeth while he's in there. He thinks about shaving and doesn't. He'll do it in the morning like usual.

Back in his room, it's still empty. He opens his door a tad and sees Dream's is still closed. He thinks about going over there and knocking to see what he's up to. Is he having to psych himself

up? He's not like getting black out drunk to go through with this, is he? Because George doesn't want that. He's not about to have drunk sex with anyone, let alone his favorite person in the world.

Sex. Ugh, why did he have to think of it that way? It's just a blow job. He's gotten plenty of those in the past. Not a lot recently. Okay, not a lot since uni, but whatever. He's getting one tonight.

He sits back on the bed. Checks his phone again. Nothing. It's been ten minutes.

"George?" Dream says, and George's head whips up to see him already closing the door behind him. He's in the same clothes—those gray sweat pants and a hoodie. Hard to believe all this has happened in the span of twenty four hours.

"Hi Dream."

Dream stands by the door, looks over at him. He's checking in, it's the same look he gives to like diagnose his friends. He's seen his mum give that same look to Sapnap and him. Best not to think about her right now.

"Are you okay with this?" Dream asks calmly. "Because I realize this was my idea and I feel like maybe you did that thing where you think I challenged you—"

"You did challenge me, but no, I'm okay with this." Dream looks displeased with the first part of his sentence. "Are you okay with this, Dream? I'm not going to force you to do anything you're uncomfortable with. We can change the terms of the bet if you—"

"No, no I'm fine. A bet is a bet and I agreed to the terms up front."

"Okay, yeah, but sexua—"

"George, trust me, I'm fine with it."

He steps farther into the room and George is surprised to see a bit of a chub in those haunting gray sweat pants. Maybe he is more okay with this than George realized.

"Then are you going to get on with it or just keep staring at me?" George's mouth speaks before his brain can catch up and keep that thought on the right side of his filter. Oops.

Dream just laughs and George thinks the tension is cut. "Yeah, I'll get on with it."

"How do you want me?"

Dream raises an eyebrow, "Shouldn't I be asking you that?"

"I'm giving you full creative control."

"Wow, thanks so much Mr. NotFound."

"Don't abuse it," George says and he only slightly means it.

Dream understands him, as always. He nods to the head of the bed. "Lie down on your back, then."

George slowly lowers himself onto his back, swinging his legs up onto the bed. He keeps them slightly separate, waiting for Dream to crawl between them. That's exactly where he wants him.

To his delight, Dream joins him. He's still not looking slightly nervous about this. He appears unruffled. He's got to be a little ruffled, right?

“Can I take these off?” Dream asks, his hands coming up to George’s pants but his eyes staring solely into George’s. It’s that same intense look from before that George can’t name. George is already almost all the way hard. It’s pathetic. There’s something about Dream.

He’s mesmerizing. He’s beautiful. He’s between George’s legs and, at George’s nod, is pulling his pants down. George can’t stand having a shirt on but no bottoms, so he doesn’t wait for Dream’s permission or request, he takes his shirt off and throws it in the same direction as Dream threw his pants.

Dream’s still looking at him. His eyes are black in the lamplight, barely any of his irises noticeable. George gets lost in them for a bit, only feeling Dream’s hands moving up and down on the outsides of his thighs. His hands are cold, but slowly warming up.

“Your hands are cold,” George tells him and Dream laughs a shy laugh.

“Your nipples are hard,” Dream says, “It’s cold in your room, idiot.”

“Don’t call me an idiot while I’m naked,” George says.

Dream laughs again and places a bold kiss on George’s sternum. It almost feels like he punched George for how a huge gust of air gets knocked out of George’s chest. He can barely breathe. Dream looks pleased at George’s reaction.

“I was furious while we were playing, did you know that?” Dream says, punctuating the sentence with another kiss on his chest.

“I guessed,” George responds, watching Dream’s movements carefully. He’s not sure what Dream’s playing at, why he’s acting like this more than a mechanical blow job. He doesn’t need to work George up, he’s already harder than diamond armor. Why is Dream teasing him? He wants to come.

“When your team started attacking me early in Sky Battle I realized your plan and I was furious,” another kiss to George’s chest, dangerously close to his nipple. George takes another shallow breath when he can. Dream’s hands keep moving on his thighs, but they’re creeping up his chest too, now.

“I thought you were cheating,” Dream continues. He takes the nipple into his mouth and an electric shot shoots from his chest straight to his dick. He’s never felt that just from his nipple before.

“Dream.”

“But then I thought,” Dream says, sliding his tongue around the nipple and driving George crazy, “that I was rather proud of you. You knew you had no chance. You knew I’ve beaten you every other time. Of course you had to think smarter, change up your play. Get other people involved.”

Dream moves to the other nipple and George defends himself. “I didn’t tell my team the terms of the bet. They don’t know this is happening right now. Just like we didn’t tell Sapnap, but he knew there was a bet.”

“Devious,” Dream says and starts placing kisses down his sternum towards his stomach. “You played to your strengths—getting people to do things for you because you’re pretty.”

“Dream,” he’s incapable of saying anything else at this point.

“You do that to me all the time,” he places gentle kisses on George’s hip bone and it’s so

frustrating to have him so close to where he wants that mouth. Of course Dream was going to be good at this, too. He's so annoying.

"I don't do that to you."

"You totally do that to me."

"Not my fault you think I'm pretty," George manages to say.

"So I thought," Dream says like he didn't hear George and apparently he has a monologue he wants to get out so George lets him get back to it, hoping he'll move his mouth a couple inches to the left. "That for your punishment—"

"Punishment? I thought I didn't do anything wrong?"

"For your punishment," Dream says like he didn't even speak, "I'll give you your fucking blow job, but it's going to cost you." Dream abruptly pulls all the way up George until his face is right in front of George's. Any other situation in which he's expecting a blow job and he'd think they were going in for a kiss. Instead, Dream's threatening him.

"What's the cost, then?" George whispers. His hands can't stay still any longer. His left hand comes up to Dream's straw colored hair and anchors itself at the base of his skull.

"You're going to think about me every time you get sucked off for the rest of your life. You're going to compare all future blow jobs to this one," he licks over George's neck, immediately honing in on the one spot that makes George melt every time. "And you're going to find those lacking. Because this is going to be the best fucking blow job of your life, George. Buckle up."

Dream's hand cups his dick finally and George almost flies off the bed when he starts stroking. It's truly been way too long and he's been too keyed up the last couple weeks to get himself off properly.

Dream's thumb rubs on his head, collecting the pre-come, "Wow, George, all for me?"

George feels Dream lower himself back down his body and then realizes he doesn't remember closing his eyes. Dream bites into his hip bones again, this time hard enough to leave marks. He looks down at his chest and realizes he's left several marks there too without George noticing. Bastard.

"Nothing where I can't hide them on stream," George pleads and Dream huffs.

"I'm not taking orders from you. This is my blow job to give and I'll do it how I damn well please."

George nods and when Dream can see he's accepted that answer, he gets back to exploring George's cock.

"Of course you'd have a pretty fucking dick to match your pretty everything else," he mutters and George isn't sure if he was supposed to hear that or not.

"Dream, please."

Dream looks up and tractor beams George's eyes to his. When he has George's full attention, he kitten licks the head of his cock. George moans loudly. "Do that again."

“I’m not taking orders from you, did I tell you that already?”

“You wanted to give me the best blow job ever but you aren’t accepting feedback from your target audience?” George teases and Dream rolls his eyes.

“Okay, you’re speaking way too well, I’ve gotta up my game.”

And then he takes him completely in and George loses what little bit of sanity he had left. It goes pretty quickly after that. Dream works his cock expertly. He’s pulling out all the moves, he’s swirling his tongue, he’s taking him down to the root and then swallowing around him, he’s playing his dick like a fucking recorder. He’s got George’s number.

“Dream,” George says, hoping he’ll know that means he’s close. He still has a hand in Dream’s hair and he squeezes hard on it. He looks down and his eyes almost glaze over watching his dick disappear into Dream’s mouth. So many times in so many banal arguments he’s wanted to shut him up. This is the best use for this mouth. He’s only going to think of this from now on.

Dream’s hips are rutting against the bed and George, for some reason, finds that unreasonable hot as well. But when those green eyes come up again and stare into George’s like somehow George is the one giving Dream this pleasure, he’s done for.

“Coming, Dream.”

He lifts off just long enough to say, “Then come, idiot.”

That’s enough. He keens. His eyes roll up in his head and he thinks he might be possessed by a demon for a short period of time because Dream sucked his entire soul out of his body so there was room for something to make it’s home here for a bit.

When he comes to, Dream’s looking up at him with a bit of come on the corner of his mouth. God, he wishes he could get a picture of that. He swipes his thumb up and gets rid of it.

“C’mere,” George says, pulling Dream up by his arms until he’s lying on top of George, his dick long and hard against his thigh through his sweat pants. “Want you close.”

“George,” Dream says into his neck and oh how the turn tables. He sounds wrecked.

“You too,” George tells him, he tugs on his hoodie until Dream gets the hint and takes it off. Not wasting time, he pulls his legs up long enough to push the sweatpants down with his feet until Dream gets that hint too and pushes them off entirely. George starts thrusting his hips and giving Dream some of the friction he’ll need to get off properly. “You need to come too.”

“This was about you, though.”

“And now I want you to come,” George whines. He feels so good, floaty even. He wants Dream to feel good too. What’s so hard about that?

“God, you get everything you want, don’t you?” Dream starts up a rhythm against George, rutting quickly and pushing George up higher on the bed. His skin feels amazing against George’s, his chest hair rubbing against his nipples pleasantly. If he hadn’t just come, he’d get hard over this.

He keeps a hand in Dream’s hair still, thinking he likes his hair tugged on. He gets brave, and when Dream’s rhythm starts to get really frenetic, he kisses the only part of Dream’s neck he can reach and pulls his other hand around to lightly scratch down his back.

“C’mon, Dreamie,” George says and Dream comes hot across his thigh. It’s strange having someone else’s come on him. It’s just as sticky as his own and he’s always careful to minimize cleanup when he does this solo.

Dream collapses entirely onto George’s chest, his breaths coming quickly. George pulls both arms around him now and just hugs him. There’s nothing like a Dream hug.

They don’t speak for several moments and George wonders how they got here. This could have just been an easy blow job. He didn’t need to take off his clothes. He definitely didn’t need to take off Dream’s clothes, yet here they are and George feels like this was more intense than some actual sex he’s had.

“You okay?” Dream asks after a couple moments to re-cooperate.

“Little sticky, but everything else feels great. I should win these bets more often.”

“Don’t start getting too big for your britches,” Dream says and he rolls off of George and onto his back next to him.

It should feel strange to lie here naked with him. In a way, it is strange. But it’s not hide-yourself-away strange. It’s not awkward-strange. It’s a stripping down in the emotional sense strange.

“We’re okay?” George asks hesitantly.

Dream’s hand reaches over to find his, squeezes, and he says, “Yeah, we’re good. Just two friends who got off together.”

“I feel like frat bros do it all the time.”

“Where are you getting this information?” Dream asks, sounding like his usual self. “Porn?”

“Quackity, I think.”

“Ah that makes more sense,” Dream sits up and with one last squeeze of his hand, gathers his clothes. He looks at George and making a decision, uses his sweat pants to wipe his come off George’s hip. George smiles his thanks.

“See you in the morning,” he says.

“Good night, Dream.”

George falls asleep about two minutes later.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Umm, this needed a second part so I wrote it.

The first chapter felt like a first half and I needed to finish this. So here you go.

Happy Thanksgiving.

George wakes up feeling better than he has in ages. For about three minutes he luxuriates in the relaxed feeling until last night's adventure catches up with him.

"Shit," he mumbles to himself. God, today is going to be so fucking awkward. No matter what he does, no matter how cool Dream is about this, there was nothing normal about last night. It's going to be awkward.

He rolls over and forces himself back to sleep. The next time he wakes up, the memory hasn't left him. Dream's eyes, dark in the room, his skin against George's, his breath on George's sensitive skin. He groans for a multitude of reasons.

He sits up and cringes when he remembers he's still naked. Looking down, Dream's spunk is still lightly coating the skin of his hip and leg from where he missed a spot while cleaning him off. Ugh, gross. He makes a break for the bathroom. After brushing his teeth, using the toilet, and taking a quick but thorough shower, he considers going downstairs for breakfast. He normally would. Today's not a normal day.

Against his usual routine, George boots up his PC without going downstairs. He's hungry, but it's not detrimental. He wants to avoid running into Dream for just a tad bit longer. He tells himself he needs a moment to get his equilibrium back, a moment with something normal, something so mundane he can do it with his eyes closed.

Twitch tells him HBomb is streaming an MCC review. Knowing he'll likely discuss George's Sands of Time performance, if he hasn't already, George clicks to join the stream. He watches in peace for a while, enjoying the commentary and seeing what other people were up to. Sapnap and Dream told him about their events, but it's so different seeing the actual VOD. Chat catches on he's in chat and lets HBomb know he joined.

"Hi, George," HBomb says, waving to his camera. It's endearing.

He messages HBomb directly, asking if he can join VC. HBomb agrees and putting his headphones on, George greets him. "Hi!"

"George, the man of the hour," HBomb says, "Congratulations on third yesterday!"

George is glad his face cam isn't on because he can feel his face flush. HBomb has a lot of clout in the Minecraft world and George has a lot of respect for him. It's nice to hear praise from someone like that, a pillar of the community.

"Shall we watch your Sands of Time? I hear your streak is still in tact."

"I didn't die, H," George confirms.

"You never do, King. Even when you really, really deserve to," he laughs when he says it and George joins in.

"I think I did a lava parkour, but it all kind of blurs together."

"My chat tells me you did and Wilbur begged you not to up until you got all the way across."

George shrugs and forgets H can't see him. "I was in the zone, what can I say?"

"You were in the zone for all of MCC. Literally everyone is talking about how amazing you did."

"I just really wanted to beat Dream," he admits and H laughs.

"Yeah, there are some rumors you guys had a bet going."

Now he's really glad the face cam isn't on because he can feel the heat radiating off his face. He reminds himself there's no way the world knows about their real bet. There's no way.

"There might have been a bet."

Just then, a knock sounds on the door. "George?" It's Dream. George feels a shudder of panic rain down his spine.

Is he coming to confront George? Kick him out? Ask to do it again? Worse than all these things, want to talk about it?

"Dream, I'm live. Dream, I'm live. Dream, I'm liiiiiive," he says, a bit manic between his anxiety at seeing Dream for the first time since their tete yesterday and the anxiety over Dream saying something about it when an audience of 12,000 people could hear it.

"I know, I know, chill out," Dream says. As he steps into the room, he shows George a plate with a breakfast burrito on it.

"What's this?"

"You didn't eat breakfast," Dream says with a shrug. George reads this for what it is, Dream's way of checking in on him. George refused to join them for breakfast, so Dream came to him to keep the awkwardness at bay. George grants that Dream probably has the right idea here. Dream is a strong believer in smashing through awkwardness by sheer determination. George really values him.

He smiles back at Dream, trying to show how grateful he is. "Thanks, Dream."

They're going to be okay, the two of them. Dream lingers a moment after he hands the plate to George, their hands brush briefly and George likes the feeling of Dream's skin on his. He'll always like the feeling of Dream.

"Welcome," he says, his eyes drilling into George's like he's searching for where George's head is. He smiles back at him. "Say hi to H for me."

"I will."

Dream nods and then lets himself back out, closing the door quietly behind him.

“Dream says hi,” he says to his microphone, realizing too late that he didn’t mute himself.

“Yeah, I heard,” H says and George looks at his stream to see the fond look on his face. “What did he just bring you? Chat’s going insane.”

George already knows how this is going to go, but he still says, “Breakfast burrito.”

“That’s sweet,” H says and George can’t disagree. “What’s it like living with those two? I imagine it’s a loud household.”

“Between me and Sapnap, yeah. Dream’s usually pretty quiet, actually. Except during football.”

“Does he bring you breakfast burritos a lot?”

“This is the first time, I have to admit.”

“Why today?” H asks.

“I didn’t go down for breakfast.”

“Are you guys an eat breakfast together household?”

“We really are,” George says because it’s his favorite part of the day, to be honest. It’s a guaranteed time to see his best friends, a time to be together, go over their days. “We’re also a big betting household, but that’s all Sapnap’s influence.”

“Constant betting on things?” H asks.

“You have no idea.”

“Let’s watch this VOD,” H suggests and George agrees easily, ready to drop the conversation about their home life. Chat’s already going insane with the information they just got.

George spends the rest of his time on stream thinking about Dream, which is not very helpful to the stream. He says goodbye after HBomb rips into him for the risky things he did playing Sands of Time with good nature, and lets him get back to reviewing everything. He enjoys the time. H’s reviews are a staple in the MCC routine.

After he hangs up the call, he answers a couple emails mindlessly while he thinks.

He and Dream are going to be okay. But he’s made Dream do all the heavy lifting. Dream’s a very generous person with his time and skills and emotions. If Dream loves you, you know it. He’s not shy about making sure his friends know how he feels about them. George knows this first hand more than anyone.

Dream shows his love in so many ways, none the least letting George steal his attention anytime he wants it. He knows everyone rags on Dream for it, but it’s that more than any of the gifts or clout

that means the most to George—that he’s special to Dream, that Dream will choose him over anyone.

On that same token, Dream can get his feelings hurt more easily by his friends than everyone else in their friend group. Strangers on the internet can say the most heinous things, none of that bothers Dream very much these days. However, his friends have the ability to harm him with a throwaway careless statement and that makes George worry for him.

Thankfully, Dream knows this about himself and works to overcome this flaw by transforming into the world’s best communicator. For a young adult man, he’s very good at getting his feelings across. He asks pointed questions to get to the heart of what people mean, if they meant to strike him down or if Dream’s over-analytical brain took it too far. It’s usually the latter.

Unfortunately, Dream’s brain is probably in overdrive today, much like George’s. Unlike Dream, though, George isn’t good at talking about his feelings. Which is why he decides to cook dinner for Dream. All of them, really. Hard to just make one portion and exclude everyone else.

Dinner is a good start. He can do dinner. Dinner shows Dream that George wants them to be okay, too. He can totally do dinner.

“Are you trying to burn the house down?” Dream asks later, when he finds George in the kitchen with a smoking pan on the stove. It’s not George’s fault the stupid sausage won’t cook right.

“Not intentionally.”

“What are you doing, then?”

George gestures to the stove with his spatula. Isn’t it obvious? “I’m cooking dinner for us.”

Dream’s eyes widen and George watches the skin around his mouth soften. He’s pleased. George’s stomach turns over. He likes when Dream is pleased.

“You didn’t have to make dinner,” Dream says, pulling the spatula out of George’s hand and taking over. He doesn’t put up a fight.

“Yeah, I did.”

“No you didn’t.”

There are vegetables to finish roasting. Not George’s favorite, but Dream loves them. He peeks in the oven, they look like they need a bit more time. “Well, I needed to do something to pull my weight.”

Dream places the spatula on the counter with a clang. “You never have to ‘pull your weight’ here, you idiot.”

“I didn’t mean like ‘here,’” George says, moving his hand to mean the house, Florida, America, all of it, “I meant because of this morning.”

Dream frowns, “Why, because I brought you breakfast? That’s stupid, I was already—”

“No, you brought me breakfast because I was being stupid.”

“Yeah, because you didn’t eat anything.”

“No, because I didn’t come down for breakfast because I was afraid to face you,” George says, not allowing Dream to let him off the hook, “You came to check on me, keep things from festering.”

Dream turns back to the stove, he turns the sausage before they need it. His shoulders are so broad under his gray t-shirt, but they’re stiffer than usual. George wants to go over to him and wrap himself around his back, put his nose into the crook between Dream’s shoulder blades. He doesn’t do this. He waits.

“George, that was selfish of me. I can’t—you can’t—” he still keeps his back to George, like he can’t get it out if he were to say it to George’s face. Maybe Dream’s not doing as well as George thought he was. He’s a much better actor than George, they all know that. George lets him keep talking. Dream takes a deep breath and then he finally turns back to George, “I need you here. I know I can be too much...”

“Dream,” George says because Dream’s too much in all the best ways. He hates whoever told him that in the past because now Dream’s assigned himself “too much” and constantly tries to compensate for something that’s not a problem, for something George and all his friends love about him.

“I needed to make sure we were okay because I can’t let you go home. Not in a stalker way, I just—I just need you here. It was my fault, I pushed us into that, and—and I can’t let anything get in the way of—I need you here. With me. I know that’s too much, that’s why I didn’t want to talk about this.”

George walks over, he reaches around Dream’s hip and flips the knob on the stove to ‘off.’ They don’t need to actually burn the house down while they talk about this. He stays in Dream’s personal space, he needs to be sure Dream hears him on this.

“You didn’t make us do anything, Dream. That was a combination of me being a brat and both of us being too competitive for our own good.” And also a dangerous curiosity on George’s part.

“It was my idea,” Dream whispers, like he’s been blaming himself for something George doesn’t think even needs blame.

“And I forced you to say it out loud. You weren’t going to. I was being a brat.”

“Still, I—” Dream heaves a deep sigh, some of the tension leaving his shoulders finally. He looks frustrated and George wants to ease the crinkles between his eyes. He surprises himself by bringing a hand up to smooth them with his thumb.

“Why are you beating yourself up?”

“I’m not—”

“You’re acting like you’re beating yourself up,” George points out.

“I feel gross,” Dream admits and brings George in for a hug, his head resting on George’s less impressive shoulder, his hands meeting on George’s lower back.

It takes a second for the words to sink into George's brain and he winces. He wants to throw up. Dream feels gross after this? After what they did?

To his horror, tears start welling in his eyes. He's always been an easy crier. He's glad Dream's head is on his shoulder now so he can't see this.

"You feel gross?" George prompts and there must be a waver in his voice, some symbol of the turmoil brewing behind his eyes because Dream hears it and stands up to look at him, keeping his arms tight around him. George turns his head away, he tries to clamp down.

"Oh, no no no, George, not—" Dream says, his hands flying to George's face to catch the tear on his cheek. "Not because—No, no, not gross because of that."

George takes a deep breath, trying to recover himself. "Then, what—"

"You're straight," Dream says, his voice falling into the soft tone he only uses for George. He hates that it works on him and even if the words don't make much sense right now, the tone eases his soul.

"What does that—"

"You're straight and I gambled sexual favors and put you in an uncomfortable position," Dream says in one breath, and George can tell this is what he's been holding in. Well, he can work with this.

"Dream, you're an idiot."

"What?"

"Idiot, heard of it?" George says, Dream's hands still warm on his face. He feels them slacken, like Dream is about to let them fall. He grabs onto them, keeping them where they are. It feels good. He likes it.

"George."

"You always think you know what I'm going to do."

"I usually do."

"Not always. That's how I beat you yesterday."

"What does that have to do with—"

"Do you not think I'm capable of telling you if I don't like something or if I'm uncomfortable? Have you ever known me to keep my opinions quiet? You gave me the option to back out, if you remember."

He lets Dream drop his hands, they land on George's hips.

"And really, how dare you think you're in charge of like keeping me happy? It's not up to you to make sure I make the best decisions for myself. I'm capable of making my own choices."

"I'm sorry, George," Dream says across the small space.

"You understand I could be mad about this, right? Like, it's very arrogant of you to take on my happiness for yourself. To put yourself in charge of it."

“I just want—” Dream looks down. George wants to comfort him, wants his hands to provide fortitude, strength, the promise of his regard. “If you’re happy here then you’ll stay.”

“Oh, Dream,” George says. “I’m happy here. I’m so overwhelmingly happy here.”

“I know, but—”

“You don’t know, apparently.”

“George,” Dream says and he sounds wrung out. For someone who loves talking about his emotions, loves talking things in circles until he’s in sync with the other person, a perfect harmony of understanding, even if it’s not where Dream wanted them to side.

“Dream, I promise I’m happy here. I promise I won’t leave. We’ll have a long, long, conversation if I ever decide I want to go back to England. You’ll have plenty of chances to talk me out of it.”

The hands on his hips squeeze tightly. George wonders if he’ll have bruises later today. His pale skin breaks so easily.

The space between them crackles with electricity. George stares into Dream’s eyes, willing him to see how serious he is about this, trying to push the truth from his heart to Dream’s.

“For as hard as I fought to be here, to be allowed to stay, I’m not turning around at the first hurdle to go back, okay? This is my home. My home is with you. I know that. I’ve always known that.”

“My home is with you too,” Dream speaks into his ear. “And Nick.”

“And Nick,” George agrees easily. “But you know I wouldn’t have moved across continents just for Nick, right?”

“You wouldn’t?”

“I would do many things for Nick, but I wouldn’t do that.”

Dream looks contemplative. George gives him a moment with his thoughts, wondering what else there is to be resolved here. He was thinking they finally got to the heart of the matter. Certainly the air between them seems clearer, clean, a direct path between souls.

While he waits for Dream, he indulges himself. If Dream gets to whisper into his ear and hold his hips, then George can put his face on Dream’s collar bones. Dream’s smell is strongest there, a combination of the laundry detergent he loves so much and something unnameable that belongs only to Dream. How did he know home before he knew this smell?

“Would you have made the same bet with Sapnap?” Dream finally says, “The one we made?”

George doesn’t need to think about it. He knows the answer like he knows his own name. Like he knows Dream’s name. Like he knows he’s left handed.

Slowly, he pulls back and shakes his head.

Dream doesn’t smile, but George can tell he’s pleased. He can always tell when Dream’s pleased, even across an ocean with just a voice in his ear.

“Okay,” Dream says, like he’s understood something more than what George has just imparted to him. “Okay.”

“Okay?” George repeats, but he means all of it. He means, are they okay? Is everything resolved? Is there anything else to go over? Do they need to talk about the actual sex? Can they finish dinner now?

“Okay,” Dream says again, dropping a kiss on the top of George’s head. That’s a first.

He pulls away and starts puttering around the kitchen to finish dinner. “The vegetables done?”

George lets the whiplash happen, taking a deep breath. “Yeah, they’re probably done.”

“You want to let Sap know we’re ready to eat?”

Something changed in the kitchen that night. George only understands part of it. He knows Dream took something else from their conversation, but he hasn’t let George in on the secret. But things do change.

Dream isn’t holding anything back. He’s not tentative in his touches anymore. George didn’t even realize he was to begin with. Sapnap took up so much space with his touching, so needy for it, so loud with everything that he drowned out Dream’s smaller ripples in the pond.

Sure, Dream touched him before. Bumping shoulders, touching elbows while they eat because of opposite handedness, half cuddling in front of the TV. Now, though, it’s like if he thought Sapnap was loud with it before, Dream is a metal concert right by the speakers.

If they’re in a room together, part of Dream is touching George. It’s like he’s grown another limb. If it were anyone else, George would be annoyed. Instead, he’s just... happy. He likes touching Dream, too. He likes the thrill he feels every time Dream’s skin touches his. He likes the goosebumps on his arms when Dream whispers secrets in his ear, careful to keep Sapnap from hearing. He likes the butterflies trying to escape his stomach when Dream lies in bed next to him watching TikToks right in the same place where they came together.

He likes everything about it. But it feels like a bubble fit to burst and George doesn’t know what will happen when it does.

One thing that doesn’t change is the betting. They let Sapnap believe what everyone else believes, that Dream only bet a hundred subs that he would beat George in MCC. They know he finds it suspicious, but neither of them offer the alternative.

George finds he likes having a secret. He thinks about that night often, the way Dream’s mouth felt on him. Dream’s tongue and mouth and his breaths, they inspire him to come many times after the fact.

His eyes stray to Dream’s mouth a lot. He can’t help it. He likes the way it forms words, the way it emotes without trying, the way its kisses feel on George’s head. He really likes how it looks wrapped around his cock.

He really tries not to think about that part of things while the three of them are together, but he can't always control it.

"This is kinda awkward, right?" Sapnap asks as they watch a Netflix movie. The movie is bad, barely worth watching, they'd been using it as a chance to just fuck around and talk while it plays in the background. With very unfortunate timing, their conversation comes to a lull right when a graphic sex scene comes on the screen.

"That doesn't look comfortable," is Dream's contribution. He's not wrong. The actors look mechanical, pantomining something that's supposed to be intimate and sweaty and falling short. They're glistening and moving right, but it's nothing like—

It's nothing like that night. It's nothing like Dream's mouth pulling his orgasm out within minutes, nothing like Dream's desperation while he thrust against George, nothing like Dream's weight atop him feeling like they were sinking together into one entity.

"Do you think they hate each other?" George asks. "The actors, I mean? They have like no chemistry."

"Chemistry, huh?" Dream says and George twists to look at him, the excuse of Dream responding to him validating his constant need to be staring at him.

"Yeah, look at them," he gestures towards the screen.

"It is pretty bad," Sapnap agrees, pulling his phone up to text Karl. He's been giving him updates on the movie and he won't want to miss this. "I wouldn't be surprised if they hated each other guts."

"Nah," Dream says, "Hate would give more chemistry than this. They're indifferent to each other."

"What would indifferent sex look like, do you think?" Sapnap ponders, "like a hookup? Just two horny people with the corresponding parts?"

This is getting uncomfortably close to what keeps him awake at night.

"I could never do indifferent sex," Dream says, staring at the screen. George's right side burns where Dream's resting against him. Dream's hand slips onto his thigh under their shared Sooners blanket and his fingers drum nervously. He doesn't look away from the screen.

George takes his hand, even as he wonders what this means.

"Me neither," Sapnap says. "I want my partners to be into me."

"I've done indifferent sex," George says, thinking of his uni days. The fumbling upstairs at parties has nothing in common with what he did with Dream. They're barely in the same category.

Dream's hand starts to slip away and George realizes how what he said could be misconstrued. George grabs on tighter and doesn't let it go.

"Years ago, I mean," his fingers caress Dream's, trying to comfort him. Dream looks sideways at him and nods minutely. Good, message received.

"You did? Bro!" Sapnap puts his phone down and kicks George with the foot resting against George's left side. "You dog."

George rolls his eyes. "It wasn't fun after I sobered up."

The scene fades into the next, the automaton bodies disappearing from view. "I can't do indifferent sex anymore, either."

"Helps if any of us would actually leave the fucking house," Sapnap points out.

"Hey, you get out more than we do," George says. "What's your excuse?"

"You're right," Sapnap says, danger crossing his features. George knows he's not going to like whatever he says next. By the way Dream squeezes his hand, he agrees. They share a quick look. "We should go somewhere. The three of us. Get out of the house."

"Sapnap," Dream starts only to be cut off.

"No, I don't want to hear it. I'm sick of being holed up in here and only leaving to get food or escape to Punz' apartment. I want to go out with you guys. That's the whole point of George moving here. It's been weeks, let's fucking go somewhere."

This has clearly been building a while. George grants that Sapnap has a point. The only thing really holding them back is Dream's face. He hasn't revealed it to the world and he's nervous to have the opportunity taken from.

"Kinda wish you'd let me gamble the face reveal now and have it taken out of my hands," Dream whispers to George who giggles. He knows he doesn't mean it.

"Where do you want to go?" George asks Sapnap because he's clearly put thought into this.

His friend's face lights up, "I thought you'd never ask."

George rolls his eyes, "Oh God, just tell me."

"Dream, have you ever been to Gatorland?"

Dream huffs and incredulous laugh, "Fuck, Nick."

Sapnap makes his eyebrows dance and George cautiously asks, "What's Gatorland?"

"Exactly what it sounds like," Dream answers, "a sanctuary for alligators. Total tourist trap."

"And I want to go!" Sapnap whines. "They have ziplines and other animals too. It's not just alligators."

George has to admit, it sounds kinda cool. How very Florida. Would anyone expect to see them there? He doubts it.

"It's the most redneck place I can imagine," Dream says. "You want my first big adventure out of the house to be to Gatorland?"

Sapnap shrugs, "Don't put so much pressure on yourself. Think of it as a soft opening, you know? Training wheels. We'll wear masks the whole time. No one will recognize us."

"We can go right when it opens or something," George says, like he's already on board with Sapnap's crazy plan. Why not? This doesn't have to be an all day affair like Disney or Universal. They can just see some gators and bounce.

Dream's still apprehensive. It takes a moment for him to capitulate, "Alright, fine. We can go. What time do they open tomorrow?"

Sapnap's whole face lights up. "Yes! We're gonn' see gators!" He says 'gator' with the worst hillbilly accent George has ever heard. Dream winces too so he knows it's bad.

George uses his other hand to bring his phone up to his face. He googles Gatorland and starts reading out stats. "They open at 10:00am."

"God, that's early," Dream complains but he doesn't back out.

"I'm going to go research stuff," Sapnap says, "this movie sucks ass anyway."

No one is watching the movie. They don't bother saying goodbye, Sapnap's already out of the room. He's not a big believer in formal endings to conversations.

"Think he's going to like faint from excitement?" George asks Dream, feeling the slightest tinge of awkward holding Dream's hand now that they're alone.

"Nah, no way," Dream says, "he'll shit his pants, for sure, though."

George laughs. It's so easy to laugh with Dream. "I think he'll insist on going zip lining first."

"We should count how many times he says 'gator' like that," Dream says.

"I'm guessing over ten times," George says.

"Oh, I was thinking way more than that. Easily twenty to thirty." Dream's eyes grow playful and George braces himself.

"You're crazy. He won't say it that much."

"Bet?"

A thick tension rolls over the room and George's hand starts to sweat in Dream's. He looks at him, trying to read him. Is this a joke? Is he serious? Is this an innocent bet or—

"Same stakes?" Dream continues, a challenge in his voice and behind the playfulness. There's an intensity too that George can't look away from, can't leave unanswered. A thrill rolls down his back and winds up in his stomach.

"It's a bet," George promises, using the hand he's already holding to shake it up and down like the business partners they are. Dream giggles. He pulls the hand up out of the blanket and kisses the back of Dream's. "You're going down," George promises.

Dream laughs, his cheeks tinted with a blush. With a confidence that George knows he's faking, but is still working for him, says, "No, Georgie, this time you are."

Gatorland is the strangest place George has ever been. And that includes the time famous youtuber KSI ran him down in London. It also includes the time he went to a military training course.

Dream insists on driving and George gets shot gun. Sarnap complains about feeling like their kid in the backseat and George and Dream share a look because it kinda feels that way too, them taking their over-excited child out on an excursion he begged for. It's nice to share private jokes with Dream.

Sarnap uses the hillbilly accent twice in the car ride to Gatorland, marking the beginning of George's downfall. He tries to argue with Dream that the bet doesn't start until they're at the park, but Dream's viciously disagrees. All of this is through texting at red lights and eye contact.

"Who are you texting?" Sarnap asks after a long diatribe about which gators he's going to see first and how many times he wants to zipline, how he'll be better at it than all the little baby kids there, how fast he'll go.

"No one," George says, just as Dream says "My sister."

They share another look and Sarnap sighs loudly.

"You guys are so annoying. You better not be annoying when we see them 'gators."

Dream raises his eyebrows, mentally marking another tally on the board. At this rate, George is going to lose before they even reach the park. George throws his head into his hands.

"What, what's wrong?"

It's a long car ride for being a brief trip.

They park. They buy tickets. Well, Dream buys them tickets with little fuss. They wear their masks even though a lot of other people aren't wearing masks. Sarnap immediately wants to go zipline. George drifts towards the first animal habitat and looks for the alligators promised inside. He doesn't see any.

"Just there," Dream says. He comes up behind George and points to the back left corner of the enclosure. Following his finger, George spots it.

"Oh!" he says, like he didn't expect to see an alligator at a place called Gatorland. "It's big."

"Yeah, they're fucking huge," Dream says, still behind him. Well, if he's staying here, then George is going to get comfortable. He leans back onto Dream's chest, an arm coming around his waist to keep him secure. "Try finding one of those in your neighbor's pool as a kid."

"Did you really?"

"Yeah, it happens all the time. There's like a special number to call and some guy comes out and captures it."

"Do they kill them?" George asks, hoping they don't. He wants to think of the little gators being tagged and released like he sees in nature documentaries while trying to sleep.

"I don't think so," Dream says softly in his ear, the mask catching his breath. He knows George is sensitive to animals, even though they've never explicitly talked about it. "I think they either take them to a wildlife rehabilitation center or like release them into the everglades or something."

“Oh, okay, good.”

“Shall we move on? There are more to see and Nick’s already cutting to the front of the line to zipline.”

Dream’s chest is so warm against his back. He doesn’t need the warmth in Florida, even in the dead of winter like it is now, but he likes it.

“Yeah, okay,” he says, letting Dream step out from behind him. Dream’s hand trails away from him while he breaks free and to George’s surprise, briefly squeezes his hand before he separates entirely. They walk to the next encounter behind a mom with three young children. They’re rowdy, but cute.

“Reminds me of you, Q, and Nick,” Dream says with a nod of his head to the kids.

“That you then, their mum?”

Dream rolls his eyes but doesn’t say no. Sapnap finds them ten minutes later, and bitches about how lame the zipline was.

“It’s called Gatorland,” George says, “Not Zipline Paradise or something, of course the zipline isn’t all that impressive.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Sapnap says with a pout, “I guess we’ll just have to watch the keepers feed the ‘gators to make up for it.”

Dream nudges George’s shoulder while they keep walking along the path. Another point. That makes fifteen. He’s going to lose. He shoves Dream back and when they meet eyes, lets Dream see that he’s not scared.

No one comes up to them, but George swears he sees a couple looks from drag-along teenagers. From his time vlogging with Tommy, he’s developed an idea of when he’s getting recognized and who’s likely brave enough to approach.

If he were here alone or with just Sapnap, he’d let them know he sees them, give them a chance to approach and take a picture. With Dream here, though, he doesn’t want to risk them recognizing the third person in their group. With careful coordination between the three of them, they manage to make it out to the car without being stopped, Dream trailing ten feet behind just in case.

The visit is shorter than they planned, but it’s still enough time for Dream to win the bet by a landslide. George caught him a few times egging Sapnap on, but he has no ground to stand on after sicking Tommy and Wilbur onto Dream in MCC. There were no rules against it, so George can’t complain.

The drive back is lively, like avoiding their fans brings out the fight-or-flight instincts and now they’re all three flooded with adrenalin. George sits up front again, and Dream puts all the windows down while they drive on the highway. Sapnap’s Travis Scott bangs out of the speakers

and the three of them scream the lyrics as loud as they can. George's heart is too full of love and camaraderie to be fearful of what's to come.

After last time, he can't imagine a scenario where Dream doesn't make him feel safe. He can't imagine Dream letting him fall, or laughing at him. But that doesn't mean he doesn't have room to be nervous. There's a buzz under his skin that gets more and more voracious the closer the car gets to the house.

It's barely past noon when they roll back into the driveway. To George, it feels like it should be dinner time. They all had to wake up so early this morning.

"Dude, I'm going to take the world's longest nap," Sapnap says when they walk in the garage door. Patches runs up to greet them. It's unheard of for all three of them to be absent from the house. She was probably worried sick.

"Oh, baby, were you scared?" Dream says, picking Patches up and cradling her to his chest. George leans in close to give her a few pets as well. He's gratified when she head butts him.

Sapnap walks by, gives Patches a kiss on her nose, and leaves for his bedroom.

It's just Dream and George now. And Patches. Dream watches Sapnap's retreating form and then glances back over at George, that dangerous look in his eyes again. They're dark and wanting.

He can't look away. Dream places Patches carefully on the floor and when he stands back up, steps even closer until he's towering over George, their bodies almost touching. George looks up, up, up at him.

"I lost," George says what they're both thinking.

"You did," Dream agrees, his eyes scanning George's face. He's careful to keep his anxiety off his features, keeping all his emotions as close to his chest as possible against Dream's ability to sniff them out.

"Are you collecting now?" George bravely asks.

"Might be," Dream says, "Might collect tonight after dinner, instead."

George nods, his throat unable to conjure any words.

"After dinner," Dream decides after a minute. "Let's take a nap for now."

George nods again, scared of the pang of disappointment he feels.

"C'mon," Dream surprises him, holding a hand out for George to take. George assumed they'd be taking separate naps in their rooms, the way they normally do. They've never coordinated a nap like this, usually they just fell where they dropped, easier to keep their sleep schedules synced up in the same time zone, but always with exceptions.

George takes Dream's hand and follows him to the couch. Dream unfolds the Sooners blanket and then lies down on the couch. It's a large couch, but not large enough for them to lie side by side. George looks askance at him.

Dream answers him with the blanket, he flings it up, a clear invitation for George to lie on top of him. He doesn't need to be asked twice. Tentatively, George crawls onto Dream, laying his head on that muscular chest, the hoodie soothing on his skin, the smell of laundry detergent and Dream

delicious under his nose.

The blanket falls onto his back and Dream tucks his arms under its warmth, on George's back.

"Go to sleep," Dream orders and George doesn't disobey. The adrenalin earlier in the day deserts him, leaving him to crash. Within minutes, he's lulled to sleep.

Sapnap crashes their party hours later. He lays down on top of George, waking him up in the process.

"You guys napped without me?" Sapnap whines, "Why didn't you just come to my room?"

"You didn't invite us," Dream says, sleep still evident in his voice. It's the low version that George loves so much, the rumble and gravelly intonation that used to be what he imagined a hug from Dream would be like before they met in person.

"Didn't know you needed a hand written invitation," Sapnap snarks back. "Consider this blanket invitation from now on."

"Thanks," George says "You don't have permission to come in my room anytime."

"Bitch," Sapnap says.

"Mine either," Dream adds on. "You do, though, George."

"Fuck you guys," Sapnap says, but he's laughing while he says it. "Stop third wheeling me."

"Okay, okay," George says, starting to lose the ability to breathe while sandwiched between these two. "Come help me pick out dinner."

"Finally, something important to do."

Dream gives him a look, but lets them leave to the kitchen to coordinate dinner.

They catch the end of Quackity's stream while they eat their Italian, cracking jokes and taking turns texting Quackity inappropriate things that he can't say on stream just to mess with him.

George forces himself to stay in the moment, enjoy the time with Sapnap so he doesn't feel left out. After the stream, he beats Sapnap in MarioKart a couple times before Sapnap disappears into his room to facetime Karl.

Dream left during MarioKart to do some weightlifting. George decides to take a shower since he didn't this morning in his rush to get out the door on time. He's not sure what time Dream will arrive to collect his due, but he doesn't want to smell like Stinknap and Gators when he does.

After his shower, he finds Sapnap back in the living room playing a random youtube video for Dream.

"Karl told me this guy's good," he says, "we should keep an eye on him."

“I’ve been thinking about adding more people to the SMP,” Dream says. He’s only mentioned it to George in one of their late night talks, but if he’s mentioning it to Sapnap, then he’s decided to go ahead with it. Last George heard, it was still in the early stages.

They watch a couple videos and then another thirty minutes of a Foolish stream. Meanwhile, George is silently freaking out. He guesses he and Dream are just waiting for Sapnap to tap out before the rest of their night continues. Before the piper comes calling.

It takes another hour before Sapnap gets an invitation from Punz to play Valorant on stream and hops on the opportunity. They bid him goodnight.

This time, George doesn’t let Dream out of his sight once they part from Sapnap. He grabs Dream’s hand and guides him up to George’s room, the nerves exploding inside him but held back by his trust in Dream.

He doesn’t have any idea what he’s doing. He didn’t have a chance to look anything up between their nap and dinner and now this. He hopes Dream doesn’t hold that against him.

Dream can sense it, the nervousness, how could he not? He always knows, there’s no use in trying to hide anything from him, it doesn’t work like it does against other people. He can successfully keep his deepest thoughts and emotions from millions of people, but Dream can read everything in one breath.

The door closes behind Dream and they’re alone. George’s fingers won’t stop fidgeting. Dream drags him closer with the hands connecting them, until George is close enough to put his head on Dream’s chest again. He likes doing that. He likes hearing Dream’s heartbeat in his ear, proof of the blood pumping through his veins, proof he’s here and alive and just as effected as George.

“Hey,” Dream says, his voice rumbling through his chest the way George likes. His hands come up from George’s waist to his cheeks. “We don’t have to do this.”

George huffs. “We’re doing this.” He nuzzles Dream’s hand with his nose. “As long as you’re okay with it.”

“I’m more than okay with it,” Dream says, playing his hand.

As much as Dream can read him like an open book, George can do the same. It’s his greatest super power. Dream wants this very badly, he’s shaking with it. It’s this more than anything that bolsters George—he lets the knowledge sink in, drawing courage from it, from Dream.

“I’m nervous,” George says, pulling back some to look in Dream’s eyes.

“You’ll do fine,” Dream reassures him, his thumb brushing over George’s cheeks.

“Don’t want to be bad at it,” he whispers, like saying it any louder will count more. Like the whisper will keep it between him and Dream.

Dream laughs, not unkindly. “Baby, anything you do is going to be amazing.”

The pet name sparks something warm in George’s stomach. Dream continues, “Like, God, George, you could breathe on me and I’d come.”

“Well, don’t do that,” George says, feeling more on even ground now. “Because I want to do this right.”

He pulls back and brings Dream with him, closer to the bed, forcing him to sit. Like this, they're at eye level. George might even be a bit taller. He places a delicate kiss on Dream's forehead just because he can reach it for once.

Dream's eyes fall closed. Just for that, George plants kisses on both cheeks too. He stands closer, in the cradle of Dream's legs. They're both still fully dressed. That's going to have to change a little before George gets this show on the road.

"C'mon," George says, yanking on Dream's hoodie. His eyes fly open and he pulls it over his head along with the white undershirt. George could look at Dream all day. He loves this chest, the strength in it, the muscles, the sparse hair and how it feels against his chest, the heart underneath.

George looks deeply into Dream's eyes, gathering his courage again. He sees the reassurance he needs there, the lust, the aching want, that's what he grips onto when he sinks to his knees. His hands land on Dream's knees, keeping himself steady. Unable to help it, his hands knead up and down his tree trunk thighs. God, George loves them.

Dream falls back onto his elbows trying to get a better look at George between his legs. His breaths are shaky and George's are too. Riding the wave of bravery he borrowed from Dream, George brings his mouth to Dream's crotch. It's not that scary with the sweat pants still covering everything.

He's already effected, his bulge noticeable. George breathes deeply onto him, keeping his breath warm and moist. Dream trembles.

"George," Dream's hand comes up to the back of George's head. His fingers lace into his too long hair and George thinks about it for a moment and decides he likes it, he likes the tether, likes the pinpricks of pain when Dream pulls a bit too hard.

"Pants," George says, reaching over to grab at the waistband. Dream shifts his hips enough for George to pull them down, keeping his hand in George's hair. George doesn't bother pulling them all the way off, just gets them down the ground so they don't get in his way between Dream's knees.

So. His dick is huge.

George's confidence takes a hit. He was thinking surely this can't be all that bad. The couple blow jobs he's seen in porn, well, it's always been understood that those guys' dicks were that big because they're in porn. And Dream's not that big, to be fair. But he's bigger than George and George hasn't seen any other hard dicks in his life and it's definitely intimidating.

"Your dick is huge," George says and Dream's eyes turn more dangerous. He's pleased. "How is this supposed to—"

"Just put as much in as you can," Dream says, tugging lightly on his hair, pushing him down. "I wasn't kidding about this not taking much."

Remembering what Dream did to him, George grabs Dream's dick with one hand and gives it a few experimental strokes. He can take his time, there's no rush. They waited until after dinner for the illusion of unlimited time, anyway. He figures out that Dream likes a tighter grip than he does. He gives a twist at the end of one stroke, to test Dream's reaction, and finds that he likes it.

"George," Dream says, and it's a warning.

"This is my blow job to give," George says, echoing Dream's words from the last time, "I'll do it

how I damn well please.”

“This isn’t a blow job,” Dream whines and George laughs.

“Still working for you.”

“Shut up, this is the greatest thing to ever happen to me.”

George rewards him with a lick to the glans. “Even better than thirty million subscribers?”

“What subscribers? I only know your tongue,” Dream says, “I only know this, your skin, your touch. God, you’re so beautiful.”

“Dream,” George says, not expecting to hear him talk like this. He licks him again. Dream moans.

If Dream’s moaning like this, he must be doing something right. Looking closely, he sees that Dream’s veins are different than his. It’s strange to look this closely at a dick that doesn’t belong to him. He never, ever, thought he’d get a close up like this, but—well, he likes the feeling of power coursing through him. He likes knowing a flick of his tongue like this will cause Dream to moan like that. He likes the look of surrender on Dream’s face, the rapture, the reverence.

He traces the vein that caught his attention with his tongue and Dream seems to like that too. He knows he’s not giving enough friction, he knows he’s teasing, but he’s enjoying himself so Dream can just wait.

Dream’s balls are bigger than his, he can’t help but notice. He lets one hand trail down to them, testing them to see if they feel much different. Meanwhile, he lets the tip of Dream’s dick sit on his tongue for a moment. It’s not too scary. He lets his tongue delve into the slit at the top and this elicits the greatest moan yet.

Rolling Dream’s balls in his hand, he finally finally finally lets his mouth close around Dream. The fingers in his hair tighten into claws and the pain centers him, sends tingles down his body. He’s hard in his pants and he doesn’t remember when that happened.

Slowly, he pushes his head down, taking as much of Dream in as he can. There’s still plenty left of his length when George hits his limit. How do people do this all the time? He tries to push a little farther and chokes.

“Baby, baby, be careful,” Dream soothes him, wiping the tears off his cheeks, “You’re doing so well. Don’t take too much in.”

George nods, a little embarrassed and shy. He wraps his lips around Dream again, getting used to the taste now, and swirls his tongue around. His knees are killing him. He pulls back to look at it again, deciding in the moment he likes how it looks. Dream has a nice dick, he can admit that. It’s straight at least, he’s heard other guys’ pricks can be crooked when they’re hard and he doesn’t know what he would do if Dream’s was skewed or something.

He lets his hand grip the root and pushes his head down far enough for his lips to meet his own hand, wanking that small part George can’t fit in. Dream’s mumbling praise, but George can’t quite hear it and he’s concentrating too hard to hear much of it, he’s getting into it, starting to like the repetition.

Dream squirms on the bed and between the tightening grip in George’s hair and the thrusting of his hips, figures he’s close. George is determined to make him come. He pulls off his dick, a line of spit connecting from the tip of his dick to George’s lips. George breaks the line, thinking Dream

would find it gross. When he looks up to see if Dream noticed, he sees Dream coming apart—his eyes are huge, pupils blown, lower lip caught between his teeth.

“Dream, come for me,” George orders, bringing his mouth back down to his cock. Not two seconds later, Dream explodes on his tongue and George keeps up as best as he can, but most of it spills out. Awkwardly, George tries to catch it in his palm, not wanting to get spunk on his clothes.

“Oh my God,” Dream says, “That’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Annoyed, George brings his hand up and wipes the come off on Dream’s hair ridden thigh.

Blow job delivered. He’d give himself top marks, too.

“Your turn,” Dream says, his voice low and gravely in the way that turns George’s insides out.

“What?”

“I’m going to do you, now,” Dream says, pulling George up from his knees. None too soon, either, George’s knees were not cut out for this. The hardwood floors were not kind to him.

“Here, lie down,” Dream pats the bed next to him, shameless in his nudity.

“Dream, this was for you, you don’t—”

“This was my reward and now I want to reward myself by sucking you off,” he says as seriously as one can while naked. He puts his hands out like a toddler reaching for candy on grocery store shelves. George acquiesces, shucking his shirt and hoodie in the process.

On the bed, Dream leans over him and pins him. He welcomes the feeling of security this brings. Something about Dream’s larger presence above him, a protection against outside threats. His bigger body spread across George’s petite build feels good. Feels right.

He takes as deep a breath as he can. His face is awfully close to Dream’s. His lips look pillowy soft, his beard a nice length, his nose a hair’s breath from his own.

“Can I—” George says, everything in him dying to kiss Dream, but this isn’t—they aren’t doing this because—

“Can I kiss you?” Dream asks, taking the words right out of his mouth.

Even though he started the conversation, the small part of George that’s trying to sabotage himself says, “I have dick breath,” like that’s an okay thing to say in a moment like this.

Dream huffs a small laugh against George’s mouth and his amusement is infectious. “Yeah, but it’s my dick, so I don’t care. If it was like, some other random guy’s dick, we’d have a problem.”

George scoffs at this, “Like I’d suck some other guy’s dick.”

Dream’s eyes light up and George can feel his pleasure at that statement, like he’s reading between lines. “Can I tell you a secret?”

He places a sweet kiss on George’s forehead and George grunts in response. “I think I’d still want to kiss you even if you had other guy dick breath.”

“Dream,” George says, because that’s just ridiculous.

Dream laughs, but it's a freeing sound. It sounds like whatever shackles he kept himself in have dropped. It's a laugh that makes you want to join in, makes you want to share his joy. So George does.

"I'm going to kiss you, George. Like I've wanted to for a long time."

George can only nod, the rest of his body pinned under Dream's, his eyes pinned under Dream's intense look. The first touch of lips against his mellows him. He sinks into Dream's mouth. He's never kissed a man before and while Dream's beard feels strange on the skin of his face, the way his lips meet George's sets his body on fire.

Dream knows how to kiss—he works his way up to more, lets George get used to the feeling before he escalates, dirtier and dirtier until George's hips start moving of their own accord, his hard dick rubbing against Dream's half chub.

He comes up for air, gasping deeply. Dream doesn't hesitate, he moves to George's neck, sucking bruises into his skin, finding that same spot that dismantles George's brain.

Slowly, the kisses get lower and lower. Dream stops around his nipples, remembering from last time how much they effect George and when he whimpers, George catches the beginnings of a classic Dream smirk, he's so very proud of himself.

"Dream," George begs, needing something, anything, wanting to come more than he wants to breathe.

"Patience," Dream says into his skin, those devious lips drifting further and further south. Without asking this time, Dream pulls George's pants down, pumps him a few time and then takes him all the way down. It's not fair that Dream can do that. George choked when he tried to do that—it doesn't look hard!

Dream smirks around George's dick like he knows what he's thinking and George can't believe that he's getting competitive over this.

"Yeah, yeah, you're a great cocksucker," George tells him and Dream has to pull off to wheeze laugh.

"I liked when you played with my balls," Dream tells him and when he takes him back in, one hand curls under to give George the same treatment. It adds something to the experience.

George is already close, it's almost as embarrassing as last time. Dream's mouth feels hot, wet, divine, and his hand moves from his balls, to just behind, pressing down on his taint and, oh!

His hips lift up unconsciously and Dream uses his free hand to press them back down.

"You like that," he says needlessly. George gets a moan caught in his throat and his hands fall into Dream's hair.

The finger on his taint keeps moving backwards until Dream stumbles across his hole and George freezes. It's not an unpleasant feeling, that finger catching on his rim, but it's not a place he ever thought to explore.

"George, I want to find your prostate," Dream pulls off to tell him.

George looks down to see how serious he is and almost crashes into the wall of lust coming from Dream. Between Dream's interest and George's curiosity, he nods slightly.

"If I hate it, you'll stop right away?" he asks, just to make sure.

"Of course," Dream tells him, more sensitive than anyone George has ever been with about doing something George doesn't like. He'll probably stop the second George breathes wrong. Dream backs up, getting on his knees enough to move about and asks, "Where's your lube?"

"I don't have lube," he tells him.

"You don't have any lube?" Dream asks, like he might as well have told him he doesn't breathe oxygen. "What do you jerk off with?"

George nods at the nightstand where he keeps a bottle of lotion. Dream's eyes widen incredulously, the lust taking second place now. "Do you hate yourself? Why do you jerk off like a teenager?"

"I don't hate myself. I usually take care of things in the shower. Not everyone needs lube, Dream, especially—"

"Ugh, fine, let me go get mine real quick."

He jumps up, unselfconsciously and George takes that as an invitation to admire him. In this context, it's okay for him to look. Dream wants him to look.

For all his jokes about having a dump truck, he doesn't. He has nicely formed ass, but it's not huge. George loves it anyway because it belongs to Dream.

Dream catches his eye and bends over to give George a quick kiss. "Just a sec."

"Wait, why do you have lube?" George asks while Dream disappears. He counts to thirteen and Dream is entering the room again, still bare ass naked, a half empty bottle in his hand. "And why is so much of it gone?"

Dream shrugs, settling himself back on the bed. His erection hasn't flagged at all, it's mesmerizing to watch. "I have a flesh light," he says all nonchalant. "Need lots of lube for that."

Something dies inside George. Or something is born. Or both, it's hard to tell. All he knows is that he is very much interested in Dream's flesh light. "I would like to see that," he tells him, knowing now that this is far from the last time they'll be doing this. There's too much emotion here, too much sexual chemistry, too much pleasure to leave this to bets from now on.

"Sure thing," Dream says, spilling lube onto his finger and resuming his place between George's legs.

George pulls him up far enough to give him a quick, dirty kiss, just to get things going again. "Missed you," he says and feels like an idiot.

Dream's pleased little smile tells him he did something very right. "Missed you too."

He kisses him again, deeper this time, while that finger finds its target and circles around George's hole. He's clean, so he's not worried too much about that. Although, he didn't think this would be a concern when he took a shower after dinner, but here they are. Dream's finger slips inside and George, for the life of him, cannot describe what it feels like.

"Hmm," he says and Dream gives him another brief peck and then slides down his body to get back to his dick. Slowly, ever so slowly, Dream moves the finger in and out, never settling in the same place until on the fifth or sixth time in something lights up George's entire body. "Holy shit.

Fuck, Dream.”

“There?” Dream asks, pigeoning in on the spot and hitting it again.

“Fuck, yeah. Oh my God,” George says, the only coherent words he can think of. “More.”

“Want another finger?” Dream asks and George is nodding before he can get the entire question out.

“More, more, Dream, please, feels so good.”

“Here, you go, baby,” Dream lubes up another finger and slips it in, coming to massage that same spot inside George.

Dream’s tongue starts playing on his dick again and George is about to lose his damn mind. Everything Dream does to him feels amazing, like the best thing that’s ever happened to him. It’s like Dream has magnets in his hands that make George’s blood respond only to him, make his blood boil and sing and long for him.

“Dream,” he says, with no idea what is going to come out of his mouth next.

“George.”

“Fuck me.”

Dream’s fingers stop and no, that’s the opposite of what George wants. “Don’t stop, what are you doing?”

“Do you really want me to—”

“Yeah,” George says because now that it’s out there, yeah, he really would like that. He wants to feel Dream inside him. His fingers are great, but he wants more. Wants to come on his dick, wants to grant that pleasure to Dream, wants to feel as close as he possibly can to him. Maybe he can find a way to keep Dream inside him forever. “Please, fuck me.”

Dream’s looking at him and though it’s a more intense version of his usual look, George knows what it means. He wants it too. He wants everything George wants. They’re on the same page of the same book and George wants to see what their happy ending looks like.

“Please, want you Dream. Need you.”

“George,” Dream says and his voice is fucked. “I gotta stretch you more. Don’t want to hurt you.”

“One more finger,” George compromises, thinking he doesn’t want it to hurt either, but he also doesn’t want to wait. He wants to feel Dream now, wants to have him sink inside him, wants to open himself and welcome Dream home.

“One more finger,” Dream agrees and then George is fuller than he could ever imagine. How is Dream going to feel? He remembers the weight on his tongue, the stretch around his lips, he’s so big.

“Want to be full of you,” George tells him, can’t keep the words from spilling out of him.

“You’re killing me, George,” he says, but George thinks it’s in the same way that Dream’s killing him. His fingers stretch and scissor until George feels no pain, just the pleasure when he hits up against his prostate and suddenly his patience wears thin.

“Now, Dream,” he demands. He reaches a hand down and grabs Dream’s dick, pulling him closer. “Need you.”

“Alright, alright,” Dream replaces George’s hand with his own. “I didn’t think about grabbing condoms while I was in my room, do you want—”

“You haven’t been with anyone else in like two years, right?”

“Yeah, and neither have you.” They know each other so well.

“Then, no, don’t need a condom. Just, please get in me already.” He pulls his legs around Dream’s back and pushes on his hips to get the message across.

“Holy shit you’re such a brat,” Dream tells him, placing a sweet kiss on his lips and then lining himself up. Finally finally finally.

The tip pushes in and George moans. It’s thicker than those three fingers. Dream pushes in a bit more and George suddenly isn’t sure he’s going to be able to do this, that it’ll fit. Dream pauses.

“George?” he whispers, always checking in.

“Just go slow, please,” he says behind gritted teeth. Dream brings a hand up and soothes George, petting his hair and caressing his cheek.

“You sure?”

“Slow,” he says again.

Dream waits thirty seconds before shifting forward again, barely pushing any more of himself in. George takes a deep breath through it and nods in encouragement. Dream waits another thirty seconds and pushes again, checking George for any signs of pain along the way.

“Not this slow,” George complains, raising his hips to encourage him to go deeper.

“Don’t want to hurt you,” Dream says earnestly and George adores that about him. Dream would rather hurt himself than let George be hurt.

“It’s going to hurt a little bit, I think, but then if it’s anything like your fingers, it’s gonna feel good. So let’s just get to that part.”

Dream sighs and keeps going at his pace. He’s halfway in and George is going crazy, he wants to feel him all the way in. He wants Dream to sheath himself, feel the fullness of Dream all the way inside, see if his dick can reach all the way up to his heart.

Slowly but surely, Dream feeds him his cock until Dream’s hips sit heavily against George’s and —

Holy shit, they’re having sex.

George takes a deep breath, waiting for the stretch to turn from the painful side of the scale back over to pleasure. He meets Dream’s eyes and gives him a shy smile.

“Hi,” George says.

Dream laughs against his lips, “Hi, sweetheart.”

“You’re big, Dream.”

Dream’s eyes turn primal and his hips start to move the smallest amount. George gasps in shock, but not in pain.

“Feel good?” Dream asks.

“Yeah, but you’re not on the spot you were before.”

Dream nods like he’s accepting a mission and starts grinding his hips, like he’s looking for it.

“Just start moving, please,” George begs. “I want to feel you. Want you to feel good.”

“Oh my God, want me to feel good? George, baby, this is the best I’ve ever felt in my entire life, okay?”

George’s face burns at the compliments. He wants Dream to keep going. With what little strength he has, he thrusts his hips up, meeting Dream’s in the middle. The friction is exquisite and George’s eyes roll into his head.

“You’re so fucking tight, George. The fucking tightest thing I’ve ever fucked.”

“Tighter than your flesh light?” George can’t hold himself back from asking.

“Way tighter. And hotter. God, you’re so warm. You feel so good. So good for me, baby.”

Dream starts moving faster and finally he skims that spot inside George. He cries out to let Dream know he’s doing it right and Dream hones in on his prostate like a heat seeking missile. Then, to George’s even greater pleasure, he brings his hand down to George’s cock and starts stroking. How is George meant to survive this?

“Come for me whenever you want, baby. I won’t be far behind.”

George lets himself have permission and after Dream gives a couple more stokes, comes all over his hand. If he thought his soul left his body in his last orgasm with Dream, this time, he thinks he comes all the fluid in his body—blood, semen, spinal fluid, everything—he feels emptied out, though that coincides with Dream pulling out and jerking himself off onto George’s stomach, coming beautifully.

“Oh my God,” Dream says, his chest pounding with breaths and slick with sweat.

“Oh my God,” George repeats, because he gets it. He just had the best orgasm of his entire fucking life.

Dream collapses to George’s right and they both struggle to catch their breath.

“You had to come on my stomach?” George complains a minute later. He reaches down for the first piece of clothing he can find—Dream’s t-shirt—and wipes himself off. “I hate the feeling of come on my skin.”

“Sorry,” Dream says and he sounds like he means it, “I didn’t know you had a thing about it. To be fair, I didn’t want to come inside and have you be all messy there. At least without you wanting it.”

George considers for a second. Outside is probably better than inside, he decides. A small needy part of him wishes Dream would have left part of himself inside, so he could pretend Dream was still with him, even now as they separate. But that sounds like an insane person thing, so George

praises himself on that being only a small part of him.

“I really liked that,” George throws the t-shirt back on the floor and turns onto his side to stare at Dream.

“I did too.”

He liked feeling full. He liked pulling Dream inside him, liked knowing he was making Dream go insane with wanting him. He loved when Dream’s dick hit his prostate, loved how it felt like a mini orgasm in and of himself. He can see himself doing it again, letting Dream enter him, having his way with him.

“Does it—” George starts, unsure how to continue. A wave of self-consciousness hits him now that they’re out of the heat of the moment. Some of the things he said and did were so fucking shameless.

“What, baby?” Dream brings a hand up to George’s shoulder and, yeah, why weren’t they touching before? Dream should always be touching him. He tangles their legs together.

He has to close his eyes to ask, “Does it make you think less of me?”

“What?” Dream asks, concern lacing his voice.

“That I liked, you know...”

“What, being the ‘bottom?’”

George nods, unable to verbalize it more than that. “No, of course not, George,” Dream says, pulling George into the comfort of his chest. His touch isn’t sexual now, just calming and reassuring, and so fucking full of love and acceptance. It makes George want to cry. He barely doesn’t.

“Did it feel good?” Dream asks, and he should know the answer.

George nods again. “Say it out loud, George.”

“It felt good.”

“Okay, good,” Dream tells him, “because it felt good for me too. What’s shameful in us feeling good together? Making each other feel good?”

George shakes his head, he wraps his arms around Dream’s broad back.

“Let’s not let strangers’ opinions into our bedroom, okay? What happens in here is between me and you and as far as I’m concerned, we do whatever feels good to us, okay?”

“So, we’ll do this again?” George asks, his voice small.

Dream speaks into his ear, “I mean I want to, George.”

Something sinks in George’s stomach. “But...?”

Dream kisses right below his ear and pulls back to face him. “I can’t do this if there are no feelings involved.”

He’s buoyed up again. Oh, well, no problem there. Wasn’t Dream part of this, didn’t he feel

everything that was happening here?

“I can’t make stupid bets with you just to get a chance to know what you feel like anymore,” Dream goes on to say, his heart all over his face, waiting for George to break it.

“Dream,” George says, cognizant that this might be the most important thing he ever says to him. “There are feelings here.”

“Romantic feelings, I mean,” Dream says. “Commitment to each other.”

“Isn’t that what this was? You and me? Touching each other, making each other feel good, and” he rests his hand on Dream’s cheek, “Being in love with each other?”

There’s a bit of surprise in Dream’s eyes, “Yeah, I suppose it was.”

“Okay, and I’m not done with any of those things,” George tells him, I love you I love you I love you I love you I lov—

“Me neither,” Dream responds.

“Then let’s keep doing those things,” George places a delicate kiss to the end of Dream’s nose. He scrunches it up and it’s unbearably cute. “Forever, maybe.”

Dream’s eyes well up and George kisses his mouth this time. “Forever.”

When George wakes up, there’s an arm wrapped around him. He’s comfortable and warm, despite missing the duvet across his top half. He likes having Dream spooned up behind him.

“Morning,” Dream says nuzzled into his neck.

“Good morning,” George responds.

“You’re cute when you’re sleeping,” Dream says. George wonders how long he’s been awake. He’s touched that Dream didn’t leave him. He wouldn’t have liked waking up alone after the night they shared.

“And you steal covers,” George tells him because someone ought to. And if George has his way, there won’t be anyone else sharing Dream’s bed ever again, besides him.

“You don’t mind,” Dream’s arm tightens around him and giggles. “You like when I keep you warm.”

“I can think of something hot you can do.”

“George.”

Dream’s hand lies flat against his stomach now and begins creeping lower.

Just then, loud footsteps bang in the hallway outside the door. There’s only one other person that

could be. “Dream? George?”

Dream’s hand retreats and throws the blanket up over the rest of George, like he doesn’t want anyone seeing him like this except for Dream.

The door swings open. “There you guys are.”

“G’morning, Nick,” Dream says for both of them.

George watches Sapnap’s face closely. He doesn’t seem bothered to find them like this.

“You guys are cuddling without me?” their friend whines. Sapnap walks further into the room, like he’s intent to join them.

“Sapnap!” Dream says and the tone scares Nick, more aggressive than it needs to be.

“What?” he says, clearly wondering what he did wrong to elicit that voice, Dream’s serious business you fucked up voice.

“Dream, chill,” George prods an elbow back into Dream who he knows is just feeling vulnerable. “Sapnap, we’d love for you to join us—”

“Great,” he starts walking over to the bed, “should have let me know if the first place that we were having cuddle time.”

“—But we’re naked.”

This stops him abruptly in his tracks.

George feels Dream smile against his back, his face hidden. “What the fuck? Naked?”

“Absolutely starkers,” George says.

“So you two...”

“Yeah.”

“How long has this been going on? Were you planning on telling me at any point? How did—” Sapnap looks upset and no no no, that’s not what George wants at all. He listens to the words Sapnap says and, oh!

“Sapnap, hey, hey,” he’d normally get up and go comfort him with touch since he likes that so much, but, well... “This just happened last night.”

“I don’t know how we were going to tell you,” Dream says, he can probably also read the insecurity in their friend, “but we were going to tell you. First, obviously.”

“There are things we haven’t worked out ourselves yet,” George adds.

Sapnap looks between them, studying them. “Just last night?”

Dream gestures for him to come closer, “Well, there was one other incident, but we’re like actually *together* together now.”

George’s stomach flips over and he tells it to chill.

“All those DNF jokes and here we are,” Sapnap sits himself on the edge of the bed, careful to sit on top of the duvet. “It’s only been a couple weeks, you guys.”

George shrugs and Dream giggles softly. “So, you’re like boyfriends?”

They hadn’t said that exactly, but—

“Yes,” Dream says. “We’re in love and shit.”

George smiles like an idiot but he can’t help teasing Dream, “Emphasis on the ‘and shit.’”

“I don’t want to hear about your kinks,” Sapnap says.

“You sure?” Dream asks slyly.

“Yes!” Sapnap cries just as George sends another elbow back into Dream’s solar plexus.

“Dream!”

Dream just laughs and George forgives him instantly. How could he not?

“Can I still cuddle over the blankets?” Sapnap asks, his voice childish. George has trouble saying no to that voice and Dream can’t resist it at all.

“Yeah, but get on Dream’s side,” George says. “I don’t want to touch you while I’m naked.”

“Gogy,” Sapnap whines, but he’s already walking around the bed. “That’s not nice.”

“You want to touch me while I’m naked?” George can’t help but tease him, “I have a boyfriend, Sapnap.”

“Children,” Dream says, exaggerating his dad voice and they all fall apart laughing.

A couple minutes later, Patches jumps up onto George’s side of the bed where the rest of the available space is.

“Sure, why not?” George says, “the whole house is here.”

Dream reaches out to pet her and she rubs up against George’s chest through the covers. “She didn’t want to be left out.”

“Nah, she’s just hungry,” Sapnap chimes in. George’s stomach chooses that moment to rumble. He’s gotten used to eating breakfast right away in the time he’s been in Florida.

“Sounds like someone else is, too,” Dream mumbles into his neck. He punctuates the sentence with a kiss there.

“Gotta pee first,” George says and now that he’s named it, his bladder starts protesting quite strongly.

Sapnap hasn’t taken the hint. He’s still staring at his phone.

“Sapnap can you get out?” George asks as nicely as possible, “I gotta get up and I’m still naked.”

“Oh yeah,” he says and picks Patches up on his way out the door. “I’ll start the bacon.”

“Thanks,” George says and gives it a few seconds for him to get out of the hallway.

Dream doesn't leave the bed. "Aren't you going to get up?"

"Wanna watch you leave first, babe."

George rolls his eyes, "Take your fancy lube back to your room. We're sleeping in there tonight."

"Why?"

"Your bed's bigger and you like your room more," George says. "I like your room better too."

"Want to—" Dream shakes his head. He gets out of the bed and starts gathering his clothes, they're on the far side from the door. No wonder Sapnap didn't immediately know what was happening.

"What?" George asks, catching his sweats when Dream tosses them his way.

"I was going to ask if you wanted to just move into my room with me, but that's—"

"Okay."

Dream looks over at him, the morning sun making his tan skin glow. He looks like a god and George wants to drool. He's so handsome, so kind, so everything.

"Okay?" Dream asks, pausing in pulling his underwear up. "You'll move your stuff into my room?"

George shrugs, "I moved across the world to be with you. I'll move across the hallway too."

Dream's eyes go fond and he hikes the underwear up quickly now, crossing the room to give George a kiss. "I love you."

"I know. I love you too."

"Forever," Dream promises again and George echoes him.

"Forever."

They're bound to have arguments, to disagree. Dream's too stubborn and can be egotistical on things. George can barely take anything seriously. They both like to be right and they both like to argue.

So George is under no delusion that they'll never fight. But he loves Dream. He's always loved Dream and he knows he always will. It's easy to promise forever when he means it with his entire self. He wants forever with Dream and that starts today.